

The Stanford Year Book

edited by

The English Club

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The Stanford Year Book 1909

edited by
(The English Club)



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PREFATORY NOTE

THE Stanford English Club takes pleasure in presenting the first of a proposed series of Year Books, initiated with the hope that it may conduce to the encouragement of original literary work at Stanford University. The book has been prepared under the supervision of a Committee of the Club, which has made every effort to represent the best undergraduate work — hitherto unpublished — of the past year. Two contributions by alumnæ (Miss Richards and Miss Kimball) have also been included.

In this connection it may be proper to announce that the English Club contemplates issuing certain other volumes in the near future, among them being a reprint of the book called "The First Year at Stanford," published in 1905 and now out of print, and an anthology of Stanford verse.

April, 1909.


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THE PRINCESS AND THE FOOL

By HIRAM CORNELL FISK

 HE man passed lightly along the road in his motley, singing to himself the while. Down by the brook, where he paused to drink and wet his hot forehead, he met a goose-girl tending her flock.

"Good morrow, fair damsel," he said, bowing low after he had arisen from the water's edge and had seen her on the farther bank. "Pray why do you waste your time with the silly birds, when here am I, a dozen times gayer in plumage and a thousandfold more silly, craving only the boon of your acquaintance in exchange for my own?"

The girl stared at him in surprise, and half rose from her seat in the green grass. She looked about with alarm in her face. They were alone in a little glen, where the geese and the stream made the only sounds that disturbed the quiet of the hot September afternoon.

"Nay damsel, do not be alarmed," he hastened to cry, smiling to reassure her. "'Tis the loneliest heart in France, I think, that beats beneath this jerkin of mine, the nether part of which, if I mistake not, serves also to hide the greatest appetite in Europe, for it is longer since I feasted than since I foraged, and both to little enough purpose in the end."

The girl had sunk back to her seat, her fear banished by his voice. "Who are you?" she asked. "And why do you wear such a strange dress?"

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"A fair question, and to the point," he cried merrily, crossing the stream at a leap. Then he tossed his cap and bells to the ground and seated himself beside her. "Child, have you ever seen a fool?" he asked.

She turned her eyes on him gravely. "Yes," she replied. "There is one such at our village. He spills the milk and is very awkward. We call him Stupid Jules."

"Sacred simplicity!" he laughed, catching up his bells and shaking them until the geese fled squawking. The girl was after them in an instant, and soon had gathered them together in the bottom of the glen.

"You must not do that again," she said, when she had returned. "It is sometimes very hard to chase them. They are even more stupid than Jules." Then she sat down once more beside her sabots, which she had put aside, and began to scratch the green turf with her bare toes.

For a moment he watched her. "But, child," he said at length, "it is not of this kind of fool that I would speak. Have you never heard of the old Prince de Chalmays and his court?"

She nodded. "Yes; my father has told me that once he looked through a bright window and saw the Prince's ballroom, full of nobles and fair ladies, who danced the minuet. And—" her eyes grew round at the thought—"and they wore jewels, and laces and golden swords—and—" She stopped as the magnificence of this vision overwhelmed her.

"Yes, child," he said; "but did he see the fool?"

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"The fool!" she exclaimed. "Nay, good sir, Jules was but a tiny lad then, and could not go out to look upon the great ones through their windows at night."

He laughed again. "Ah, little girl," he said very gently, "I must tell you once more that I do not speak of Jules."

For a while he watched the geese as they squabbled over some choice morsel, at a loss to explain it to her so simply that she would understand. Then he asked, "Have you never seen the clowns that the mountebanks carry with them from village to village to make fun for the people?"

She nodded vigorously. "Oh, yes," she cried. "And they are very droll, so that even Jules had to laugh, he who is so stupid; until he could not stop, and still laughed when all the others were silent, and then they were angry." Her face grew brighter in a smile as she remembered the noisy Jules.

The man smiled too, as he let himself sink flat on the ground and rolled over on his side until he could see her again. "Now I shall tell you of the fool I mean," he said. "It is another kind of fool, you will see, and yet much the same. The Prince de Chalmays had such a one at his court not long since, to make merry for him. This fool was not dull like Jules, but bright as the silver coins flung him by the courtiers. He dressed in a very strange garb of many colors, so that everyone would know him. On his head he wore a pointed cap with a bell at its peak, and in his hand he carried more bells—like these—and these—" He made a quick

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gesture, showing her the things of which he spoke, as they lay there at his side. Her eyes grew wider as she began to understand. He checked her exclamation with a gesture, and went on:

"Oh, he was a very droll fool, not dull in the least. Every day he danced about before the Prince and the court, always saying things to make them laugh. To the Prince he could speak as no other dared to speak. And if a courtier fell but an inch in his master's esteem, then woe to him, for the fool hurled dart on dart, while the court laughed. It is easy, and cheap, to laugh at a fallen man, and it is not dangerous."

The goose-girl was listening intently. "Should you have liked to be the fool?" her companion asked, of a sudden.

"And live at the grand court?" she questioned eagerly.

"Yes," he replied, "and live at court."

"Ah, that I should!" she cried with rapture. Think of the beautiful things. Think of—" Again she was speechless at the idea.

A wry smile curled the man's lips. "Ay, the beautiful things," he repeated. "At first it was well enough," he went on. "The fool enjoyed the game he played. It suited his fancy to fill the ladies and their gallants with merriment at his antics. In this he was like the clown, and some of the courtiers laughed as long as thickheaded Jules, until they forgot what made them laugh. And the others were not angry, like your village people when the laughter of Jules grew tiresome to them, for the fool had

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always some new jest to fling at the stupid ones, until the court held its very sides for mirth, and men swore that never before had there lived a rascal so clever. So the fool lived; but he became weary of it."

The man in motley was not smiling. He paused, and then looked up quickly. "Have you ever loved anyone?" he asked. The little goose-girl's innocent eyes fell and he saw a wave of red mount to her cheeks.

"Ah," he said, "a village lad? He looks at you in church, and sometimes he dares to dance with you at the festivals?"

She bowed her head still lower. "Yes," she murmured faintly, in pitiable confusion.

He gazed at her very kindly. "I am glad, little one," he said, "for now perhaps you will understand. But I pray the Holy Virgin that you may never know the pain of loving higher than you dare look."

They were silent for a moment. The girl, still abashed, kept her eyes fixed on the ground. She dug her toes into the turf, scooping out a little hole beneath a burdock leaf, which trembled as the earth came away from below it. At length curiosity overcame her.

"You—you were telling of the fool," she ventured. "I am sorry because he was not happy."

He smiled at her sympathy, looking at her as a man does who wishes to tell a tale, but is not yet sure of his hearer. The goose-girl turned her eyes on him suddenly, as if divining his thought.

"Tell me," she said, laying her fingers uncon-

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sciously on his arm in a simple gesture. "I wish to hear more of this fool, for whom I am so sorry."

"Ah, heart of gold," he said, "I shall tell you." Still he was silent for a space. "Now this fool," he went on at length, "this fool fell in love. You must know that the Prince de Chalmays had a daughter, very fair and good, whom all that knew her loved most devotedly, whether they would or no, so great was her comeliness and so many her virtues. What wonder that the fool should love with the others? And what wonder that the Duke Michael should pay mad court to the Princess Margaret, once his passion was aflame? The Duke Michael and the fool! A wondrous pair of lovers they. If the fool had been like stupid Jules he would not have fallen in love. But he was not like Jules, as I have told you.

"For a long time the Duke Michael sued for the hand of the Princess. He was but one of many, it is true, and others there were both younger and better to look upon. Michael had led an evil life, but he was very rich, and this caused the avaricious old Prince to favor his courtship. Yet the Princess Margaret had learned of his wild ways and would have none of him. Now I have heard that there was a strain of madness in the Duke's blood, come down from some Berserker forbear in the olden time when the Vikings sailed the seas. Certain it is that on many days the fool saw him go from the Princess cursing, and swearing that he would have her in the end, though hell itself must be bridged to win her. As for the fool, he jested while his heart

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ached within him, and loved where he durst scarce even send his eyes. Thus was his lot made half bitter and half sweet; he loathed the life that he led, but he would not obey his proud spirit and leave the court so long as he might look upon the Princess Margaret there."

It may have been that now the little goose-girl understood, although she had never seen the splendor of courts. There were pity and sympathy in her eyes as she looked at the man before her.

"One day there was a famine," he continued, "so that the people came crying to the palace gates for bread, and the Prince's treasure must be used to feed them. In his despair that many should die—for the Prince was fearful of a revolt among his peasants—he turned to Duke Michael for money. But Michael, who in power was the equal of the Prince, swore that he must have the Princess, or no penny of his hoard would he touch. So a bargain was made.

"Now the fool might go into many places where others were forbidden to enter, and herein lay his opportunity. He was in the Prince's chamber one day, and when Michael entered he slipped behind a curtain, pushing the door shut as he did so. Thus the two believed themselves to be alone, and this it was that they plotted: On a certain night Michael was to come with two horsemen, and with one of them he was to enter the chamber of the Princess, which would be open to him through a faithless tiring-woman, and take her away to his castle, where he would force her to marry him before the

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morning dawned. In other wise than this the Prince could not give her to Michael, for she was beloved of the people, who would not see her marry against her will. On this same night others of Michael's men would bring a certain treasure to the Prince, which was the purchase price of the Princess. She, poor maiden, would be the Duke's wife even before she was missed at the palace, and for very shame would tell naught evil of the event. Thus this villainous suitor and cruel parent bartered away the Princess, who to the fool was more even than his life."

He paused. Some of the geese had wandered far away, but the girl did not heed them. She hardly breathed as she waited for his next words. "Tell me," she pleaded when he paused, "tell me, did the Princess know?"

"No, the Princess had learned nothing, for this fool would not tell her. That proves him a fool indeed, mayhap, but he could not bear that any other than he should rescue her whom he loved. So he wove a plan by which he might kill this black Michael with his own hands. That there should be perfect secrecy he told no one save a wretched boy who served as scullion in the kitchen. This boy the fool had saved from death one cold day in winter, when his parents, of the gipsy peoples, had left him sick by the wayside. Now he was grateful and would give his life for his master. It was the single joy of the fool that this wretched creature should bear a love so great for him.

"Now on the night set by Michael for his deed

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the Prince was to give a great ball, so that all his people might revel deep, and sleep like the dead when it was over. He was very crafty, and willed that none should hear his daughter if perchance she should cry aloud when the Duke came. There were great preparations for the ball, which was to be a masque. Perhaps it was that one which your father saw, little goose-maiden."

"It may well have been," she assented. "I have heard him tell of a time when all men of the land were hungry and the great ones would give only when they must."

"Yes, it was so, child. The lords and ladies gathered in their finest array that night. For a while the fool was there, too, in his motley. Then when the gayety was at its height he slipped away up a certain passage he knew well, and put upon him a suit of chain-mail, very fine, which he had laid aside from the armorer's store. It was a brave figure he made, this fool who was so unlike Jules. With a light helmet and domino, none would mistake him for other than a dashing cavalier of the court. When he was dressed thus he returned to the ball and danced with the others. He saw Michael staring at the Princess with greed in his eyes, and noted the weight on the Prince's brow, as though he revolved some deep matter long in his mind. Of all the brave company only these three were not masked. Once the fool touched the hand of the Princess as they danced, and this was sweet to him. After a time the masks came off, but ere this he had withdrawn himself, and spoke for a last time with

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his scullion boy. They called for him in the ball-room; but none thought to seek among the pots and kettles, and he was not found. After all had eaten and drunk very heartily they went to rest when the hours were small, and the castle became quiet.

"For this moment the fool was ready. He stole down the passageway to the apartments of the Princess, stepping over the guards, who lay prone, heavy with drugged wine given them by the tiring-woman. Then he knocked softly at the outer door, as it was agreed Michael should do, and this woman came out. She was surprised, but the fool was ready and grasped her throat before she could scream. Then he dragged her into another room and bound her to a table, with many folds of linen in her mouth, so that she made no sound. As this was finished there came the beat of muffled hoofs on the drawbridge, which the drunken guard had left down. It was Michael and his two men. The fool snatched up the tiring-woman's mantle, draping it about him and pulling it over his head in such manner that one would think it was she who stood there in the dim rays of the single rushlight. Then he took station in the outer chamber whence she had come. The gate creaked, unguarded also, and a moment later Duke Michael appeared in the passage, followed by one of the men, whose fellow had been left below with the horses.

"Then it was that the little scullion showed the true heart in him. From a dark corner beneath the wall he sprang out and buried his knife deep in the flank of the horse-guard's steed. The animal

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reared, wild with pain, and in an instant had carried its rider madly across the drawbridge into the open country, where it was followed by the others in a panic. Through a window in the tower Duke Michael saw them go, and he turned to his follower.

“*‘Peste!’* he whispered fiercely. ‘The dolt has loosed the horses! Run, Pierre, and help him bring them back. Your life if you fail me this night.’

“The fellow was off at once, running lightly. Michael did not wait for him. He listened a moment; still all the castle slept, too weary to awaken. He crept along the passage to the end, bearing a heavy mantle on his arm, from which trailed thongs wherewith to bind the Princess. At the door he paused, and then knocked in the manner agreed upon. The fool opened, standing in the shadow.

“‘Ah, woman, you have done well,’ said the Duke. ‘Does the Princess sleep?’

“‘Ay, my lord Duke,’ answered the fool.

“Something in his whispered tone caused Michael to look a second time. Then the fool struck, with a long dagger which he had placed at his hip when he donned the suit of mail. It was a shrewd blow, full of hatred; but Michael threw up his arm and caught it in the folds of the cloak, so that he passed unscathed. Then he drew forth his own dagger, for the passage was too small for sword play, and struck in return. It had gone ill then with the fool, whose blade was entangled in the folds of Michael’s

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mantle, had the good mail not turned the point. Then they sprang apart, both in the corridor now, and the fight began. The fool had forgotten his steel suit, and now cursed it in his heart, for he willed to meet the Duke on even terms. Yet it was well that he was saved by it, since he was not skilled in the use of arms.

"Michael kept his cloak as a shield, parrying with great skill and trying vainly to pierce the fine chain-armor of the other.

"There was no sound but the breathing of the two and the clash of their blades. The Duke thought to kill his man without arousing the palace, and take the Princess; the fool was resolved to defend her alone. Michael charged impetuously, bearing the other back by sheer weight. His face showed dark with anger in the dim light, his blows were quick and heavy, so that the fool all but cried out with the pain even when they crashed without harm into the good coat of proof. He had much ado to guard his head, laying his left arm over his brow while he struck in return with his right. Ever and ever the Duke whispered curses, raging because his blade could not carry death when it went home. The fool fought in silence.

"Of a sudden Michael paused, springing back with a low cry as a thought came to him. 'Hold!' he said. 'Who are you, and why are you here?'

"The fool stayed his hand, and they leaned panting against the wall, both with caution, each distrusting the other. Michael repeated his question. 'Who are you?' he asked again.

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"For answer the other turned his face to the light. Michael saw and swore roundly. 'By Saint Agnes, fool, you do ill to cross my path this night.'

" 'I guard the Princess,' said the fool, simply.

" 'Ay, and die in the doing.' Michael raised his dagger; then thought better of it and lowered his point again.

" 'We lose time,' he said. 'Fool, what is your price?'

"The fool drew himself up as straight as man is permitted to stand in this world. 'I have no price,' he answered. 'I fight and die for the Princess.'

"Michael's fingers trembled on the hilt. Again he thought to slay the fool in fair fight; but he was very crafty. He looked of a sudden over the other's head and beyond into the black passageway. 'Pierre!' he cried softly.

"The fool turned, thinking in his folly that the Duke's man was come up from below. The passage was empty. Even as he turned Michael was upon him. He had but time to drop to his knees; the Duke's blade passed with a rush above his head, and the two rolled over and over on the stone floor, grappling as they fell. Each clung to his dagger, until the fool's arm struck the wall and his weapon was knocked from his hand. He twined his long fingers about the Duke's throat, striving to choke him. Michael brought down his blade time after time, failing always to find an unguarded spot. Now one was above, now the other, as they wrestled.

"At length the Duke, heavy with good living, began to tire. His breath came hard, and a weak-

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ness seized him. Yet there remained in him the strength for a last great effort, by which he tore the fool's fingers from his throat and rose to his feet. For a breath the fool crouched on the floor. His groping hands fell by chance upon his dagger again. He met Michael's charge with a leap, and fire shot from their grinding blades. They drew back together for a second blow, but the Duke was not swift enough. Quick as light the fool sprang within his guard, burying his blade in the other's neck. Michael's cry was drowned in a rush of blood. He slid to the floor and the life went out of him. Thus it was that the devil chose to take to himself a very great rascal. May God will it so for all such."

"Amen," whispered the little goose-girl, crossing herself fervently.

"It was at this point that Pierre, the Duke's man, returned from his quest after the horses. They had fled far afield, where he could not find them, and he was come to warn Michael that the east was beginning to flush with the dawn. The fool saw him steal up the passageway, and crouched with hot dagger to spring upon him.

"But now a surprising thing happened. Pierre stumbled over his master's body and recoiled before it, fleeing back whence he had come. Then the passage seemed of a sudden to be alive with armed men, who fell upon him and slew him as he ran. Surprised, the fool rose from his corner for an instant, and the men saw him standing there with bloody dagger. Knowing his face, they

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rushed at him, crying, "The fool! He has killed her! Slay him!"

"There seemed to be no escape, but this fool would not give himself up lightly to death while the Princess still lived. He turned and ran into her outer chamber, bolting the heavy door from the inside as the men-at-arms launched themselves against it. While they hewed and battered from without he stripped his chain-mail from him and cast it aside. Then he mounted to the ledge of an open window, ready to leap into the full moat below. Only for an instant did he turn back, and there he saw that which moved his heart as neither the fight with Michael nor his great peril had power to move it. The Princess had been awakened by the clamor, and now she came forth from her chamber with a tiny light in her hand. She was tall and slim and very beautiful in her white robe, and her hair fell black as jet all about her shoulders. This it was given the fool to see for an instant, while his heart well-nigh burst within him. Then the door crashed open, he turned to leap, there was a rush of cool air, and the black water closed over him."

The man in motley paused, looking down upon the geese, which bickered and squawked in a muddy pool formed by the stream. Evening was coming, and the sun had just dropped below the hill that rose to the west.

"And then—?" questioned the girl tensely.

"Oh, he escaped."

"But the armed men who slew Pierre?"

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"They were the Prince's retainers. I have told you that he was a very crafty man, and that at the ball he seemed to be uneasy in his mind. There had come to him the wish to have Michael's money and his daughter as well, so that he might perhaps drive a bargain for her with still another noble. When the gold had been brought by the Duke's knaves in the night, and they were gone, he rose from his bed after a while and gathered together certain of his men, telling them that until morning they must guard the Princess. He willed to have Michael slain as the abductor of his daughter, caught in this evil act, which would free him from all blame. You have heard how these men came and what they did; but they came too late, and had the fool not planned his plan then the Duke would have won the Princess indeed."

"And the fool was not taken, you say?" asked the girl.

"No. In the hills he found one of Michael's horses near the body of his retainer, whose neck was broken by a great stone upon which he had been thrown. The fool rode to the ocean and there took passage to foreign lands. He did not dare to come back, for it might be said that he had aided the Duke and he would be hanged. It is not well for a man to be hanged."

"But he *has* come back!" exclaimed the goose-girl. "Of that I am sure."

The man laughed. "You are a woman," he said, inclining his head as far as one may when he is lying upon the ground. "Yes, he has come back."

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He sat up slowly. "The fool loved the Princess," he said. "The fool could not forget her. He could not find peace in the world without looking upon her face. He lived a hard life in many lands; but at length there came the news that the old Prince was dead, slain in his sinful age by a kinsman of Michael, who alone of all men knew how traitorous had been that wicked man to the Duke. Now the Princess Margaret is Princess indeed, and she has graciously pardoned all offenders against the laws in celebration of this her coming to rule over the people. I know not how it is"—he raised his head and his eyes showed a new light, very soft and tender—"I know not why, but she is still unwed. And I am glad. Now the fool dares come again to his native land. He has given up all his silver pieces for his motley, his cap and bells, and he walks hungry to the court of the Princess Margaret, hoping that after these years she will feed him again. Perchance she will let him stay."

"And be still a—a—fool?" hesitated the girl.

"Yes," he said softly, "and be still a fool. 'Tis better to love as a fool than to live as a wise man without love, and in all things save his love the fool may be the wisest man of all."

They sat for a little time silent, the goose-girl and the buffoon that loved the Princess Margaret. It was very still in the glen while the evening shadows came down. The geese put their heads under their wings with sleepy quacking and settled themselves to rest. Their mistress had forgot to drive them home.

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Suddenly from a little church in the village beyond the glen there sounded the angelus, faint and sweet. Both were on their feet at once, and stood with bowed heads until the prayer was over. Then they looked at each other with a strange feeling of fellowship between them.

"Farewell, little goose-girl," he said, touching her fingers with his own. "May your dreams be always sweet, your lover faithful, and your heart pure, as becomes a subject of the good Princess Margaret."

He bowed very low, put on his long cap and started up the dusty road. At the top of the ridge that bounded the glen he turned and shook his bells merrily at her, so that she could hear them tinkle through the twilight. Then he was gone—to the Princess.

THE ROUTING OF A MIND-READER

By ALICE MAY RICHARDS

WILHELMINA, huddled in the big rocker by the stove, felt peevish and looked it. To be sure she had some excuse, with a side of her thin little face swollen so big with the mumps that it shut out the sight of one eye. The other, however, gleamed vindictively upon Genevieve, engaged in her weekly Saturday afternoon task of putting away the laundry, just back from Hop Lee. The interesting part of this ceremony arose from the fact that Hop Lee always wrapped up his clean clothes in a wonderful newspaper, the like of which had never yet made legitimate entrance into the Newberry household. Glaring black headlines adorned each page, and all the thrilling things that happen in the big world outside were to be found on record beneath them. But always, as soon as the last clean towel was tucked away in the linen closet, along came Aunt Louisa, who saw to it that the fascinating sheet was stuffed away in the big Queen stove. So Genevieve, defrauded of some choice bit caught between trips, must stand helplessly by, winding up the cord, while the account of some abused orphan, desperate highwayman or wrecked train went roaring up the chimney, before her very eyes.

This afternoon that sleek little person lingered long over her task, for the coast was clear save for the baleful eye of Wilhelmina. Her arms filled with

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the last lot of sheets and pillow-cases, she leaned over Hop Lee's wrapping paper, cheeks flushed, eyes shining, breath coming quick. Wilhelmina watched her with shrewd gaze. Carefully she noted the location of this spell-binding subject-matter—second page, third column.

"Johnny!" she ejaculated, in virtuous displeasure. Genevieve started and flushed guiltily. "Ain't you 'shamed to be readin' that paper when Aunt Louisa forbade you! You take those things right upstairs this minute, or I'll tell her when she gets back."

Genevieve checked an impulse to stick out her tongue at her tormentor, but instead puffed her cheek far out and closed one eye over the unsightly lump. Wilhelmina looked the other way. As soon as the door closed behind her sister, she jumped up, and scurrying across the room, captured the paper. Back again in her chair by the stove, she scanned eagerly the third column of page two. "Heroine of the Bonny Belle disaster—Brave girl sings 'Nearer my God to Thee' while half-drowned people cling to a partly submerged life-raft." Thrilled in spite of herself, Wilhelmina commenced to drink in the details contained in the finer print. Steps sounded on the stairs outside. Hastily she tore out the third column of the second page, folded it smooth and thrust it into the pocket of her apron. In another moment the remainder of the paper was roaring up the chimney, and Wilhelmina the virtuous sat back in her chair, hands folded patiently upon her lap. Into the room burst Genevieve, also thirsty for details. One despairing glance revealed the treach-

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ery of Wilhelmina, chaste guardian of the morals of her sister.

"Oh, Willy, ain't you meaner'n mean!" wailed the guarded one. "I did *so* want to read the rest."

Wilhelmina screwed up her mouth primly, in excellent copy of Aunt Louisa.

"Will you never understand, my dear, that this is no fit reading for little girls? The stove is the only place for such inflammatory matter," she remarked with dignity. Then, veering suddenly about, she let fly upon the drooping figure beside her the relentless shaft of ridicule. "Pooh, you little softie, bet you been wishin' all the way upstairs that you knew the words to 'Nearer My God to Thee,' now weren't you, Johnny Newberry, weren't you, weren't you, weren't you?" her voice rose in high crescendo.

The soul of Genevieve was simple and without guile. Smitten dumb by this display of insight, she stared at Wilhelmina with round startled eyes. Self-possession deserted her completely.

"Why Willy, h—how did you know it?" she stammered.

Wilhelmina shot a piercing glance at her from the green eye that wasn't closed.

"I can read your mind," she hissed. "Don't you see something strange in my eye? Can't you feel me doing it now? I can see right inside of your head. You're thinking about —"

With a howl of dismay, Genevieve tore her fascinated gaze from her sister's face, and as fast as her feet could carry her fled out of the house to her place of refuge next door—the sand-pile of the Den-

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nison twins—fat and podgy to be sure, but innocent of all designs upon one's inner consciousness.

Left to herself in the quiet sitting-room, Wilhelmina curled her thin legs up under her and settled into brooding thought. Sounds of revelry from the Dennisons' yard indicated that Genevieve had freed herself from the bonds of mesmerism and was once more enjoying life. Thus insured against interruption, she cautiously drew from her pocket the account of the heroine of the Bonny Belle, and read it through with breathless interest, once, twice, even three times. The perusal over, she leaned back and fell to enacting the scene with herself as heroine. She could see vividly the pale women, clutching with desperate hands at the planks of the life-raft. She herself had given up her place to a woman with a baby and was in the water, clinging to the rope along the side. Her hair was floating all about her like brown sea-weed. The water was bitterly cold—the chill of it gripped her to the marrow. Her fingers were numb and aching, yet not a tone of the voice which father always praised, shook or faltered as she sang, high and clear, the words of the grand old hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer —"

Wilhelmina came to herself with a start. Actually she didn't know the words any more than sleek little Johnny, who couldn't sing a note! What if such an emergency should ever arise in her life, and she should be forced to sing "Let the Blessed Sunshine In," or even "Sewanee River," in lieu of any other memory treasures? The thought stung her into sudden resolution. For a moment she listened

THE ROUTING OF A MIND-READER

intently for sounds from the Dennison back yard. A contented murmur still came to her ears. After her recent and successful mind-reading exploit and her scornful handling of its effect upon the victim, it would never do to be caught with a kindred impulse actually being put into action. Satisfied, she rose and tiptoed furtively over to the piano music-rack, where diligent rummaging produced a battered hymn book. Returning to her chair she found the place, propped the book open in her lap, and with eyes closing and opening spasmodically, shoulders swaying back and forth, lips murmuring fast and furiously, she fell into a vortex of memorizing. The first verse acquired, she commenced upon the second. This didn't go so easily. She caught herself nodding at intervals. The room was very warm and the chair comfortable. The book slipped quietly from her hands and lay upon her knees. The looted third column of the second page of Hop Lee's wrapping paper fluttered unheeded to the floor. With a long-drawn sigh Wilhelmina was sound asleep.

Fifteen minutes later the door opened, and Genevieve's smooth yellow head was poked cautiously around the jamb. Emboldened by the quiet, she stole in and tiptoed over toward the music-rack. Half way across the room she stopped short and stared with open mouth at the quiet limp figure in the big chair, the book open upon the knees, the scrap of newspaper lying by the feet. Gradually the situation dawned upon her stolid little brain. A whoop of exultant derision rose to her lips, only to be stifled before it could cleave the silence of the

room. She stood quite still, a thoughtful pucker gathering between her mild blue eyes. Here was Wilhelmina, exponent of scepticism, assailant of all manner of sentimentality, guardian of morals, caught with the damning evidence actually upon her. Nothing was necessary except to waken the sleeper and confront her with her guilt. But still Genevieve hesitated, studying the mump-distorted countenance of her sister. Experience told her that a personal encounter with Wilhelmina would bring no triumph to her, no matter what humiliation might consume that high-spirited young lady inwardly. Genevieve knew herself powerless against Wilhelmina's tongue, to say nothing of that "strangeness in the eye," that tendency to mind-reading, which paralyzed will and speech. No, if successful retribution was to descend upon the soul of Wilhelmina it could not be achieved by means of a spoken interview.

A pencil lying on the floor near the stove caught Genevieve's eye and offered a solution to the situation. She picked it up cautiously and tiptoed out of the room. On the hall rack lay a tablet of Wilhelmina's. In a moment Genevieve was crouched on the bottom stair, biting the end of her pencil and frowning at the sheet in front of her. Penmanship, orthography, and composition had always been reefs ahead for Genevieve. What was she to say? Here was Wilhelmina caught red-handed indulging in rank sentimentalism. Should it be derision, ridicule? Genevieve did not feel that she could do justice to the situation in such vein; that

THE ROUTING OF A MIND-READER

was Wilhelmina's field. She would be magnanimous—that would hurt worse. Inspired by the thought, her pencil squeaked diligently across the paper.

"Dear Willy—I borrowed the piece from Hop Lee's paper to show to the Dennison twins"—that was a good beginning; the thought that the Dennison twins were to share in her day-dream would be gall and wormwood to Wilhelmina—"besides I was afraid Aunt Louisa might come in and find it and scold you." Genevieve chuckled rapturously. "I didn't take the him book. I thought maybe you wern't through lerning it. Here is an orange. It's sweet and won't hurt your face. It must hurt terrible; you look awful when you're asleep." She hesitated long over the closing, then finally ended, "Your affecternate sister, Johnny."

From the pocket of her apron she produced with difficulty the fat orange recently bestowed upon her by the mother of the Dennisons, pinned her note to it by jabbing a hat-pin deep into its side, and tip-toed back into the sitting-room. For once luck was with her; Wilhelmina still breathed heavily. With shaking fingers and averted eyes, she laid the orange upon the broad arm of her sister's chair. The face enclosed within the white bandage had all at once assumed a most terrifying aspect. Panic-stricken, she caught up the account of the heroine of the Bonny Belle and slid from the room. Once outside the door, a whoop of derision escaped from her with vigor. She had checkmated the mind-reader, and her inmost thoughts were still her own.

THE DIVIDING LINE

By IVA MYRTLE MILLER

THE ladies' waiting-room of the big department store was crowded. Outside a hot sun drew a blistering light from cemented walks and streets, but here it was quite cool, though not quiet. A little woman in severe gray drew herself slowly up the few steps that elevated the room from the floor below. She dropped into the first cushioned seat with a sigh of relief, and closed her eyes for a moment to shut out the glare of the street that still burned them. She was tired and warm, and the heat had flushed her face unnaturally.

When she opened her eyes again she met the steady gaze of a baby that sat opposite to her; she smiled at its blankly serious stare, and it smiled in return. Then her eyes traveled above the baby's face to that of the mother holding it—a young face, powdered and rouged and hard. She sighed and looked again at the baby in pity, but it smiled as before, unknowing and happy.

There were other people to watch and to think about, and in this easy relaxation she was letting care slip slowly from her. Yet she marveled at how few faces she could find whose expression pleased and satisfied. The women in silks and expensive gowns looked restless, or, at best, dully satisfied with life; those on whom poverty had left its mark were careworn and prematurely aged. She herself belonged to this latter class, she remembered sud-

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denly, and smiled. After all, it was better to be worn with cares than to be dully satisfied with life.

She must go back to those cares soon now; she might rest only a little longer. The children would want her, and Harold would need her smile when he came home tired and discouraged, as usual. It seemed so very long ago since business had gone well, and they had been happy in their simple way, that she wondered how much longer she could be brave, and pretend that it did not matter if the big combine choked out the little business and drove Harold to the wall. These troubles that had pressed around her of late had been so dark and discouraging and insistent that the waiting-room, with its motley crowd, was a positive relief—a pleasure even. She leaned back into the depths of her chair to rest a little longer, and let her eyes drift down into the store itself. She saw a woman and a man approach the steps. The woman's back was turned, but she caught the man's words distinctly:

"No, Mrs. Brunton, to be perfectly frank, there is no hope. We held a long consultation; all the best doctors were there, and the unanimous decision was that there is no hope; his deformity will be slight, but he never can be strong. Yet he is such a dreamy lad that perhaps he won't miss physical strength very much. At least, you should be thankful that you have unlimited means to make his cramped life a pleasure."

The man tipped his hat and turned away. The woman climbed the stairs, slowly, thoughtfully. She found a seat in a dark corner and sat down

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mechanically. All the women in the crowded room were watching her, but she did not know it. She was the sort of woman who attracts notice unconsciously, by the calmness of her poise and the greatness of her simplicity.

At first, to the woman in gray, she seemed only a specimen of that other life—the life of ease. But this woman, too, had trouble. She caught it in the doctor's words and in the face of the woman herself. And so trouble pushed its insistent way into the heart of wealth as well as of poverty! Instantly her wide sympathy reached out and took a direct interest in the woman. She looked searchingly at her face for a time, and then a half incredulous wonder came over her. "Margaret!" She caught her breath quickly, and started to rise. Then she sat down again, held back by the self-absorption of the other woman, and by the sudden realization of her own plain dress and the cheap cotton of her gloves. Should she slip away, off into the big crowd of the store? Her shrinking pride urged it, but all the best of her begged for a meeting with Margaret. They had roomed together at college—she and Margaret—and they had not seen one another for years. Even the letter writing had ceased, and each had drifted her way. Yet the heart of the friendship lay waiting to quiver again with its old-time warmth. That she knew, and longed for the great gladness and strength it would bring her; for Margaret had done much to make her what she was. It was Margaret who had led her away from foolish sensitiveness and prejudice; who had shown

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her the great delight in human sympathy. She herself had been the younger and more strikingly feminine of the two, and Margaret had led her up to much of her own wide generosity of thought and bigness of heart.

She longed to renew that friendship now, just when she needed strength and courage most. But suppose Margaret had changed? Perhaps the years, with their evident prosperity, had tampered with her. Perhaps she would not wish to renew their friendship here in public. Instantly she knew she had done Margaret a great injustice in permitting the thought. Margaret was above such pettiness, infinitely above it. With the strength of this knowledge, she walked quickly over to where the woman sat with her head bowed in her hands.

"Margaret!" The call was timid, low-voiced. The woman raised her head slowly, half dazed by her thoughts. Then a flush of real surprise and happiness came over her face.

"Jean! Jean Monroe! After all these years!"

They kissed each other affectionately, unabashed by the comments they excited.

"You've been living in the city, too, and we've never met!"

They sat down and talked a long time, until each remembered the duties that called her home.

"But we must see each other often, Jean, and get acquainted with these husbands and children we've acquired. Perhaps, just to set the ball rolling, we might drop in some evening. Let's see; would Friday evening suit? Robert always saves Friday

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night for me, and I can depend on him then. If you prefer some other time, Jean, don't hesitate to say so."

Jean pondered a moment. She was wondering about Harold and company. It had been so long since they had had company; they had been fighting out their battles alone. He had been so nervous and overwrought of late, it might upset him. But no, it would do him good just to see Margaret, and, besides, the longing for the old friendship was too strong with her to be denied.

"Certainly, Margaret, we shall be home Friday night, and I shall be glad to really visit with you. Come early and make the evening long."

They passed out together and waited at the corner for cars.

"Oh, my address, Margaret! I almost forgot: 654 Oak; the Vernon cars will take you out."

Her voice choked in the saying. Working people, with calloused hands and strained faces, crowded the Vernon cars. Out Margaret's way, silk rustled in the cars, and bland-faced men smiled placidly over the day's success.

A Vernon car stopped on the corner, and she stepped on. She took a seat outside and let the wind fan her flushed cheeks. It was good to see Margaret and to find her the same. She smiled with the new courage the meeting had given her.

She was startled when the car stopped at her corner; the ride had seemed shorter than usual. But the street oppressed her with its dull uniformity; the cottages were all so much alike, and each yard held its due apportionment of high-voiced children.

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Baby carriages stood in cool spots on the grass, and mud pies were being baked in full glory on the walks. How different from Margaret's proper and reserved avenue! To be sure, Margaret had not mentioned where she lived, but intuitively she knew that there baby carriages and children were relegated to more private playing grounds. She sighed, and the lines about her mouth deepened, but not for long. The four-year-old boy in the last yard had spied her, and came running at her like a half-grown bear.

"Movver's back!" he shouted to the whole neighborhood. She stooped to kiss him, and he clung about her neck in a long embrace. Then he led her in triumph to the house.

It was cool and pleasant in the little front room. The girls had pulled down the blinds and had set things in order. The bouquet of violets sent out an enticingly mild perfume. She dropped into a chair to rest from the heat, while the boy peeped among the packages for eatables.

"Nothing today, son," she smiled at him. "The money all ran out before time." She toyed with his curls and tried to smile away the look of disappointment on his face. "You see, your candy came last time, but the girls had to have some things this time, and there wasn't any money left. Next time, maybe," and she stooped to kiss his pouted lips. He pulled himself up to her lap and nestled his head on her shoulder.

She wondered how old Margaret's boy was, and whether his hair was so soft and curly and delightful to toy with. And Margaret's husband, the man

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who gave her ease and comfort; would he take kindly to this tiny house? She glanced uneasily about the room; it was small and decidedly shabby. The big rocking-chair in the corner was beginning to show very plainly the rough usage it had had at the hands of the boy. Perhaps she should not have allowed him to use it as a rocking-horse. Then his hold tightened about her neck, and she was suddenly glad to see all the marks and scars the chair contained. He had never had a real rocking-horse; business had been too depressing of late years, but he had never felt the lack of one, thanks to the old scarred chair. So her thoughts went hurrying on until a dragging step sounded on the porch, and reminded her of other things near at hand.

Friday night, as she lighted the lamp and placed it on the parlor table, little thrills of anxiety passed over her. The room looked as nice as it could look,—there was satisfaction in that; but it was all so shabby—how she hated the word! And yet every day it was coming to impress itself upon her more strongly. It would not matter so much for Margaret, but Margaret's husband!

"Did you say you did not even know his name, Jean?"

"Yes, Harold; wasn't it foolish of us? We were just two girls again, and forgot everything but how happy we were to meet; but then names make little difference after all."

"I'm glad they are coming, Jean; it makes you look younger. I'm afraid we haven't done enough to keep our minds away from worries, but —"

THE DIVIDING LINE

"Perhaps we may change a little, now that Margaret has appeared again; I believe it will do us both good. You are looking better, too, and those lines I dread to see are not so deep tonight, Harold." She touched his arm affectionately, and he stooped to kiss her.

"I'm afraid it's hard on you, Jean, to bring your old friend to a home like this; it's so shabby. And you were used to such different things once. It is that which is making me nervous and irritable of late; everything seems to be slipping away, and there is no getting another hold. These trusts and combines —"

"Hush, Harold! Let's not bring up business now; let's forget everything but pleasant and happy things, tonight."

"Yes, Jean; but the boys said today that Brunton was around when I was gone. He's the head of the combine now. It's probably the last thrust; they mean to kill us."

"Whom did you say? Not Brunton!"

"Yes, Brunton; he's absolutely unscrupulous, and eats out the smaller men without any more compunction than a dog."

The woman grasped the back of a chair to steady herself. That name! where had she heard it? Suddenly the whole scene in the waiting-room came before her—Margaret and the doctor! She heard again the words of the man: "No, Mrs. Brunton, there is no hope." So then it was Margaret's husband who —

Steps sounded on the porch, and she sought to

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collect herself. "Harold," she whispered hoarsely, "Harold, let's forget business tonight, and be brave; even prejudices —"

The bell rang and she hastened to the door. There was a rustle of silk as Margaret stepped in. That rustle had been so long unfamiliar to the little house that to the overwrought woman at the door it seemed a menace; the beginning of the dividing line.

"I'm so glad you found the place. It's a little out of the way; I was afraid you might have trouble."

"Oh, not at all, Jean; we have had a pleasant ride. And this is Robert, Jean; I've been telling him of us as we used to be."

"And this is Harold, Margaret." They shook hands.

"This is my husband, Mr. Kington, Mr.—," she looked appealingly at Margaret. "You haven't told me his name."

The men smiled, and were already shaking hands.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Kington; my name's Brunton; Margaret forgot I existed, I guess, when she met your wife. After all, we husbands are only property, I suppose, when two women meet after so long a time." He laughed heartily, and turned to help Margaret off with her wraps.

A flush had come over the other man's face, then a pallor, and he stood helpless in the doorway. No one noticed it but his wife, and her nerves were strung to such a pitch that she hardly knew what she said or did. The guests, entirely unconscious of the constraint, seemed very much at home.

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"What beautiful violets, Jean! Do you grow them? But then I know you couldn't possibly buy such perfect ones." She went to bury her face in their fragrance. It was like Margaret, to call attention to the only beautiful thing in the whole room; it made everybody more comfortable.

"The girls take care of them; they are the pets of the family. The girls will be in to meet you soon; they are very anxious to see you."

The men had entered by this time, and the contrast between them showed all the more plainly in the narrow light of the room. The one stooped and thin, with sallow face and eyes deep-set and restless; the other a trifle too heavy, perhaps, but with an easy, commanding carriage, which belied his weight; a clean-cut, capable face, laughing eyes, and a chin too pronounced.

"Robert, do you see these beautiful violets? Jean says her daughters grow them; I wish we could have some."

"She would have the whole place covered with flowers, if I'd let her," he laughed; "I believe she'd live in a hot-house if I could stand the pressure."

Just then the door to the next room creaked, and a curly head peeped through.

"Yes, son, come in and bring the girls. It's the boy," she smiled, as the head disappeared again. "His curiosity bump is large." And she went to bring him in. He came dragging his feet, his head held low in bashful boyish fashion. But underneath the bashfulness the young spirits were ready to break out at the least provocation. The man with

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the laughing eyes saw this, and purposely led him out. Soon they had entered into an animated talk, the boy having met a kindred spirit and the man enjoying in the boy what his own son did not possess—the exuberance and health of childhood. He was thinking how he would give all he owned to see the lines in young Robert's face relax in such childish glee, and to see in him such strength and vigor.

The girls had come in, and were becoming acquainted with Margaret. A pleasant buzz of real animation filled the room—the guests were enjoying themselves. But to the woman who sat near and pretended to enter into the conversation, it seemed like a real nightmare. Harold had retreated into a far corner where the deepest shadows fell. She saw him drumming restlessly with his hands on the chair; then he folded his arms, trying to keep control of himself. "How long can he keep up?" she muttered to herself. "The breakdown is nearer than I thought; will it be nervous prostration, or what?" All the lines of care and worry in his face were deepened and accentuated by the nervous struggle to keep hold of himself. He was watching the other man as he played with the boy, and she knew that was cutting him, too. He had never played like that with the boy; he had never known how. Possibly he had not realized it until, suddenly, he saw this man, who was usurping business and life itself, enter into closer companionship with his son than he had done himself. It was a terrible tragedy to the woman who sat watching, sympathizing, but unable to help.

THE DIVIDING LINE

If he would only control himself until the evening was over, that was all she could ask. Her heart cried out in pity for him—this overwrought, sensitive man, who had always taken the defensive against the world, and had failed. She could not help admiring the other man, and the healthy attitude he took toward life, but she wondered if he even guessed the price of his success.

Suddenly, above the other noise of the talk near her, she caught a story that the boy was telling: "Cars? Really, truly, play-cars? Oh, I wish I could have some! May be, no, I guess Movver would not let me. Movver always says there isn't money. Do you have money? I guess somebody awful must steal my papa's money, 'cause he works all the time, and Movver says there isn't any money. When I get big, I'm going to have lots of money and cars, and rocking-horses. Does your little boy have rocking-horses? Movver lets me use that chair for one. It's pretty good, specially when I tie strings on for a tail."

The woman stirred uneasily. Her husband had heard, too, and she felt rather than saw the sensitive flush cross his face. It was as if some one had struck him a blow, and he was powerless to resist. She crossed over to the boy.

"Come, son, it's far past bed-time. Say good-night and come with mother.

"Movver, please, not now! It's the best time ever," and he clung to the man for protection. She could have cried out with the pain it gave her to take this little pleasure away from the boy, but

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over in the corner the face of the man was drawn tense with the nervous struggle, and something had to be done to relieve it.

"Son!" He crawled down, and his face was quivering, ready to cry.

"Never mind," the man leaned over and whispered in his ear. "Never mind, I'll send a Santa Claus around tomorrow with those cars; so sleep tight and dream about them."

"That's a fine boy of yours." He leaned toward the man in the shadow. "Our boy is an invalid and sits dreaming all the time. You can't rouse him to a normal interest in anything. It's the best blessing on earth to have such a boy as yours. It's health, after all, that brings happiness to this world."

"Robert, I really think that we must be going; it's getting late."

"So it is," the man acknowledged. "You've made arrangements for them to visit us soon, haven't you, Margaret? Why not to dinner next week?"

"Yes, we were planning it, the girls and I, while Jean was gone with the boy. Would Wednesday evening suit you? I am so anxious to have a long talk with you, Jean."

"I should enjoy it, too, very much, but —"

"Now, don't make any excuses, for you just must come, and besides, the men haven't become half acquainted. Robert was so much engrossed with the boy. He rarely gets a chance to enjoy himself so thoroughly; our son is an invalid. You can come, Jean?"

THE DIVIDING LINE

"Certainly, they must come," the man volunteered. "Mr. Kington and I didn't have a chance to talk. Margaret forbids business discussion near her. She says we men are inhuman when it comes to business." He laughed. "Perhaps we are, who knows? But it's necessary these days. You're in business, Mr. Kington; or a professional man? No? Good! Business has a snap the professions don't have. It keeps a man on the fight."

The woman listened to these words in pained amazement. Then she glanced from the expectant faces of the girls to the tense face of the man. Her decision was made on the instant.

"No, Margaret, I'm afraid not. Harold's cold is bad, and we are afraid of venturing out in the evening."

"But the nights are mild now, Jean."

"No, Margaret," and she drew her to one side. The lines in her face stood out boldly, almost defiantly. The words came slowly but without hesitation; yet she moistened her lips as if to make speech possible. "Don't think I'm not appreciating your invitation, Margaret; I should like nothing better than to come, but Harold, you can see as well as I, is unfit for company; he's a sick man, Margaret."

"I see, Jean." She pressed her hand sympathetically. "He may be better soon, and then you shall come. Our boy is an invalid, too, and will be all his life. The years change us, Jean; they bring us trouble, but they give us strength."

They kissed each other, and the guests were gone.

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"Mother," the girls exclaimed when the door was closed, "you didn't ask them to come again!"

"No, dear, I didn't ask them to come again." Her voice sounded hollow and dead, but she turned with her usual slow smile to the man in the shadow.

THE ETERNAL GIRL

By BRUCE ORMSBY BLIVEN

Persons in the Play.

ST. PETER.

EWART GILBERT.

JACK BERNARD.

BERNICE SMYTH.

MRS. SMYTH.

The scene is laid in Heaven—the Heaven of our grandfathers—just within the pearly gates. It is a large, sparsely furnished room, the walls of which are lined with card catalogue cases; at the rear center are double, swinging doors, with panels of frosted glass, on which the word "Entrance" is printed in reverse. At the left there is a door with red curtains before it. A red transparency over it reads "Exit." There is a second door at the right. At the rear, left, there is a flat-topped desk, with a telephone and numerous scattered papers upon it. Behind it, to the left, there is a chair; another chair is drawn up to the desk, facing it from down stage.

The time is the present. On earth it would probably be about four o'clock of a summer afternoon.

As the curtain rises, ST. PETER is seated at the desk, facing toward the entrance, and busied with the papers on the desk. He is a pleasant, rather bald-headed old gentleman, with a neat, long white beard. He wears a monk's robe, with the cowl

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thrown back over his shoulders, and is slow and careful in his movements. He is apparently engaged in cleaning up his desk, for he picks up paper after paper, and after glancing at each, crumples it between his hands and drops it on the floor, where a little heap has already accumulated.

ST. PETER.

(*To himself.*) I really ought to keep this place picked up a little more. It's getting into a disgraceful state. Things ought to be kept better, because this is the first place any one sees, and we should try to make a good first impression. I would hate to have any one come to Heaven and be disappointed in it. (*Reads from paper*). "Recording angel—to carbon paper and stenographer's fee—\$11.40." (*Lays paper aside*). I guess I'll have to get one of the cherubim to clean up a little here every morning. (*He rises, gathers the papers from the floor in his arms, goes over to the left and draws back the curtain before the door marked "Exit."* He holds to the lintel with evident care, leans over, and looks down. Then he holds out the papers and drops them, apparently following them with his eyes as they fall a long distance). There, those papers are out of my way at any rate. What would I do with my waste paper, if I didn't have this shaft to the nether regions? (*Telephone bell rings. He turns and hurries back to the desk, picking up the instrument and speaking into it*). Hello? Yes. Yes. Is that so? Automobile again, is it? I thought so. Four? Did you get the names? (*A pause.*) Yes, send them right up. (*He puts down the telephone,*

THE ETERNAL GIRL

seats himself at the desk, and begins writing. MRS. SMYTH enters at the rear, with a dazed, bewildered air, and stops at the other side of the desk. She is an aristocratic and somewhat portly society leader of the familiar marriage-broker type; but the situation in which she finds herself has broken down her customary guard of repose.)

MRS. SMYTH.

Where am I?

ST. PETER.

(Looking up.) Oh, how do you do? This is Mrs. Smyth, isn't it? *(He rises, and offers her the second chair, but she does not see it.)*

MRS. SMYTH.

Where is my daughter?

ST. PETER.

She will be here in a few minutes, I think. *(Slightly embarrassed.)* This—this is Heaven, you know.

MRS. SMYTH.

Ah, indeed? Very charming pla—Heaven? What! Do you mean that I'm dead? Dead? And in Heaven?

ST. PETER.

(Wearily.) I assure you, you are dead. You were killed in an automobile accident half an hour ago.

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MRS. SMYTH.

(*Sitting down abruptly.*) Well, who would have thought it! I never expected—why, I must be dreaming! Dead! And where is my daughter?

ST. PETER.

(*Patiently.*) She will be here soon, I expect. She was killed at the same time that you were. (*He reads from a paper on his desk.*) “Killed—Mrs. Smyth; daughter Bernice; J. Bernard; E. Gilbert. Automobile accident J869R.”

MRS. SMYTH.

Killed! To think of Bernice being dead! It seems like a nightmare.

ST. PETER.

I assure you it is all perfectly regular and common, Mrs. Smyth. A great many people have died before this.

MRS. SMYTH.

I suppose it must be all right, but it gave me such a turn at first! Why, I don't feel any different; I would never have known it had happened at all if you hadn't told me. Is Bernice coming, did you say?

ST. PETER.

Yes, she ought to be here any minute. That is, I suppose she will come here. (*Embarrassed.*) Ah—what sort of a person is your daughter?

THE ETERNAL GIRL

MRS. SMYTH.

She's about five feet four, brown haired, had one year at Vassar, and weighs—

ST. PETER.

No, I don't mean that. I mean, what sort of a character did she have? Was she—was she a good child?

MRS. SMYTH.

Oh, of course. I never had a bit of trouble with her. Even after she came back from college she let me do whatever I liked.

ST. PETER.

In that case you may be sure she will come here. However, I will just look her up in the cards to make sure. (*He turns to the wall behind him and busies himself with a card catalogue.*) Smyth—Smyth—Bernice. Character, 94. Heart, 97. Logic, 63. White lies, Vol. A19 to C24, series 4091. That's all right. She'll get here safe and sound.

MRS. SMYTH.

It will be such a relief to me when she does; you have no idea of the amount of worry a daughter is to one, Mr.—this is St. Peter, isn't it? (*He nods.*) I suppose the persons bringing her are to be trusted, aren't they? You have confidence in them?

ST. PETER.

The utmost.

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

MRS. SMYTH.

Then it's all right, I suppose. Now that that is off my mind, I think I might as well look around a little and see if there are any of my friends here. *(She rises and crosses to the door right.)*

ST. PETER.

(Hastily.) Just a minute, please! There are a few little formalities to be gone through with first. An examination, you know.

MRS. SMYTH.

Oh, that's all right. Don't bother about them on my account. *(Exit right.)*

ST. PETER.

(Looking after her, surprised.) Well! It seems to me that people are getting rather high-handed these days. They take my breath away. Things seem to be getting too swift for me, anyhow. I don't know what the world is coming to. However, I suppose I might as well put her down as entered all right. *(He sits down and begins to write. The doors at the back are pushed apart, and MISS BERNICE SMYTH thrusts her head between them. She is a good-looking young lady of twenty-four, not after Mr. Gibson's large bland model, but with a rather piquant expression, the good breeding of which has not yet degenerated into ennui. She is dressed for automobiling, in a large hat, with a veil over it and a loose cloak. She smiles as she sees ST. PETER.)*

THE ETERNAL GIRL

BERNICE.

(*With a bubbling laugh.*) Hello!

ST. PETER.

Come in. (*She enters.*)

BERNICE.

Is my mother here, please?

ST. PETER.

(*With rare intuition.*) She was a moment ago, my child. She has just left.

BERNICE.

Well, tell me—this is Heaven, isn't it?

ST. PETER.

Yes.

BERNICE.

And we're all dead, aren't we? Oh, poor Daddy!
And are Jack and Ewart dead, too?

ST. PETER.

Jack and Ewart?

BERNICE.

Yes, they were in the auto with us.

ST. PETER.

Yes, they were both killed.

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

BERNICE.

And will they come here?

ST. PETER.

Oh, yes. Now, don't you want to see your mother?

BERNICE.

Oh, I almost forgot! Where is the book?

ST. PETER.

The book? What book? There are several here, child. (*Briskly.*) Which one did you want?

BERNICE.

(*Sitting down.*) Oh, the book that tells all about what sort of a person you are—good or bad, you know.

ST. PETER.

I see. There isn't any such book, I'm afraid.

BERNICE.

(*Disappointed.*) There isn't?

ST. PETER.

No—the records are all kept in these card indexes now.

BERNICE.

(*Jumping up.*) Are they? Oh, let me see! (*She runs around behind the desk. ST. PETER jumps up and waves her back.*)

THE ETERNAL GIRL

ST. PETER.

(*Hastily.*) It is not permitted—no one may see them—please sit down.

BERNICE.

Oh, but I only want to see two of them. Can't I see just two?

ST. PETER.

I can't allow you to see them at all. It would cost me my place.

BERNICE.

Well—you read them out loud to me, then. I really must see them—it's quite important.

ST. PETER.

What's the matter?

BERNICE.

(*Engagingly.*) Come, I'll tell you. You see, Mr. Bernard and Mr. Gilbert are both—are both— (*She leans over and whispers in his ear.*)

ST. PETER.

(*With simulated incredulity.*) Not both of them?

BERNICE.

Both! And you see, the trouble is, I don't know which is which.

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

ST. PETER.

You don't what?

BERNICE.

Well, not that, of course. But it's very important to know what kind of a person a man is, in a case like that. They both say they're good, but you can't tell anything by what a man says, can you?

ST. PETER.

Well, you can tell what he wants you to think he believes, usually. And so you want the Heavenly records to tell you what sort of characters your suitors have?

BERNICE.

Yes, exactly. You see, Jack Bernard is a good chum, and a dandy tennis player, and all that, but he doesn't *do* anything. He's just rich. But Ewart Gilbert, he's a poet, and he wears his hair long, and he talks in low, intense tones, just vibrant with feeling. He's always fearfully wrought up over something.

ST. PETER.

Over what?

BERNICE.

Well, just over being a poet—it makes the cold chills run down my spine.

ST. PETER.

Does he write poetry?

THE ETERNAL GIRL

BERNICE.

Oh, yes. He's had a book of it published at his own expense.

ST. PETER.

And you don't know which young man you like best?

BERNICE.

No. That's why I want to see the record.

ST. PETER.

And do you think you will proceed to fall in love with the best one?

BERNICE.

Of course.

BERNICE.

Well, from what I've seen of Eternity, you would be more likely to choose the other. But it's no use going on like this. No one is ever allowed to see those cards.

BERNICE.

Well, I think you might make— (*She stops suddenly, as an idea strikes her, then jumps up from the chair and begins to take off her veil.*) Oh, I know! I've got a perfectly beautiful idea, Uncle St. Peter! Aren't you glad?

ST. PETER.

Well, I don't know. That depends on the idea.

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

BERNICE.

It's as simple as can be. When people come here you are supposed to ask them questions, aren't you?

ST. PETER.

Yes, I believe so.

BERNICE.

Though you haven't asked me any.

ST. PETER.

(*Plaintively.*) I havn't had time yet.

BERNICE.

Well, all I want is just—it's ever so easy—you won't refuse, will you?

ST. PETER.

(*Gloomily.*) No, I probably won't.

BERNICE.

When Jack and Ewart come here, I'll just take your place. I'll put on your bathrobe, and pull down the bonnet, and they'll think I'm you. *I'll* ask them the questions and see what they say, and then I'll know!

ST. PETER.

Nonsense! They would know you.

BERNICE.

No, they wouldn't. Not if I speak in a deep, bass voice, like this.

THE ETERNAL GIRL

ST. PETER.

Well, I couldn't think of it. I never heard of such a thing. Please, my dear young lady, please remember where you are. (*She looks at him steadily, and ostentatiously gets out her handkerchief. He views her in alarm.*) What are you going to do?

BERNICE.

I'm going to cry. (*She begins to sob behind her handkerchief, keeping one eye on him.*)

ST. PETER.

(*Turning and walking away.*) I'm very sorry to disappoint you, but it would be as much as my position is worth. You see, it would be making a precedent, and we couldn't do that. (*He takes off his robe, standing in a Roman toga, and offers it to her.*) Here!

BERNICE.

(*Taking off her automobile veil.*) Oh, thank you!

ST. PETER.

I'm glad there weren't any women like you in my day.

BERNICE.

(*Stopping half way into the robe.*) Why, there were women like me in your day. There always have been; there always will be. Now! what are we going to do with you?

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

ST. PETER.

(Sits on the edge of his desk with his hands folded.)
I don't know.

BERNICE.

Oh—of course! *(He looks around in alarm.)*
Here—put on my coat. *(She tries to force his arms into the sleeves.)* It's too small, isn't it? Wait—I'll just button it around your neck and let it hang. There! Now the veil. *(She drapes it around his head.)* Now the hat.

ST. PETER.

(Backing away.) Young lady, I insist—I must refuse to wear that hat. I look ridiculous enough as it is. Do anything you like—I leave you in charge! *(He goes out to the right. BERNICE lays the hat on the chair.)*

BERNICE.

I hope he isn't angry. He seemed rather put out. *(Arranging robe.)* Do I look like him, I wonder? If I can only—some one's coming! *(She runs around and sits in ST. PETER'S place, pretending to busy herself with the papers on the desk. Enter JACK BERNARD and EWART GILBERT. The former is a straightforward, incisive young American, sunburned and with close-cropped hair; the latter is thin, black-haired, with a sort of nervous exaltation. He walks as though he were in a trance.)*

JACK.

How do you do? This is Heaven, isn't it?

THE ETERNAL GIRL

BERNICE.

(*Gruffly.*) Yes. Did you wish anything?

JACK.

Why, yes—that is, no, I guess not. We just dropped in. The fact is, we were in an automobile accident.

BERNICE.

Yes, I should think—so I imagined.

JACK.

(*Indicating GILBERT.*) Excuse my friend, won't you? He's a poet, you know; he feels very deeply, and all that.

GILBERT.

(*To himself.*) My senses are reeling in a bitter-sweet ecstasy. I hardly know if I am alive or dead.

JACK.

I wouldn't let that bother me—you're dead. (*To BERNICE.*) Don't we have to register, or something?

BERNICE.

Why, no, I didn't—I mean, I'll ask you some questions first, you know.

JACK.

All right. Can you tell me whether Miss Smyth and her mother have arrived here yet?

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

GILBERT.

(*Eagerly.*) Yes—where are they?

BERNICE.

(*Startled.*) Why, I don't know. What sort of people are they?

GILBERT.

Bernice Smyth is a star from the sky—a creature of fire and moonshine and the odor of violets—a snowflake pulsing with heart-throbs of the infinite. (BERNICE *nods delightedly and turns to JACK.*)

JACK.

They are rather nice people in society in New York.

BERNICE.

(*Disappointed.*) Oh.

GILBERT.

Shall I ever see her again—see her delicate mouth, her luminous brown eyes—

BERNICE.

(*Impulsively.*) No—hazel.

JACK.

What—you've seen her—she's been here! (*He pounces on her hat, lying on the chair.*) Here's her hat! She's been here! Where is she?

BERNICE.

(*Nonplussed.*) Oh, did you mean her?

THE ETERNAL GIRL

JACK.

Yes, of course. Bernice Smyth. Here's her hat—I've had its edge in my face too often not to know it. Where is she?

GILBERT.

Yes—what have you done with her?

BERNICE.

I didn't know you meant her. She's—well, she's gone away.

GILBERT.

Gone where? Let us away! We will follow her!

JACK.

Where's she gone?

BERNICE.

(*Suddenly inspired.*) I hardly like to tell you. I didn't know she was a friend of yours.

JACK.

Go on.

BERNICE.

Well, she's gone—she's gone to h—— h—— (*desperately*) hell!

GILBERT.

What?

JACK.

To—to hell? (*She nods. GILBERT sinks limply into the chair.*)

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

GILBERT.

(*Mournfully.*) I would never have thought it of her.

JACK.

Why, this is monstrous! This is ridiculous!

GILBERT.

She seemed so good and pure; but that's always the way.

JACK.

Somebody will have to pay for this, if it isn't a mistake. (*To BERNICE.*) What did you send her there for?

BERNICE.

Well, I heard the evidence against her, and there was nothing else to do.

GILBERT.

(*Anxiously.*) Was she very bad?

BERNICE.

Oh, simply dreadful!

GILBERT.

(*Eagerly.*) What did she do?

JACK.

This is nonsense. Bernice Smyth never did anything wrong in her life, and you know it. (BERNICE

THE ETERNAL GIRL

claps her hands silently, then puts them behind her back as he turns to her.) I'm going to go and see about this. Let's get this examination business over with right away.

BERNICE.

Very well. (*To GILBERT.*) This is Mr. Gilbert, is it not? You're a poet, aren't you?

JACK.

(*Hastily.*) See here, that isn't fair. He can't help that, can he?

BERNICE.

I will question you separately, if you don't mind.

JACK.

Certainly. (*He picks up the chair, carries it to the extreme left, down-stage, and sits down.*)

BERNICE.

And you were a friend of this Smyth person, Mr. Gilbert, were you?

GILBERT.

(*Apologetically.*) Well, yes, in a way. I knew her slightly.

BERNICE.

(*Aside.*) Slightly!

GILBERT.

Of course, I never suspected she was a bad character, then.

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

BERNICE.

Oh, didn't you?

GILBERT.

No. Though, come to think of it, I always did notice that she was not just exactly—not quite—you understand?

BERNICE.

I understand you perfectly, Mr. Gilbert. But I thought that you—that you aspired for the young lady's hand?

GILBERT.

Well—I may have, in a joking way. I was never serious—she was too stolid, too unemotional for a true poet's wife.

BERNICE.

Oh, is that so?

GILBERT.

Yes. She had only one qualification—quite a little money.

BERNICE.

I see. Thank you.

GILBERT.

Are you through with me?

BERNICE.

Yes—I'm through with you—I think.

GILBERT.

Then I'll just wait for Bernard outside. (*He goes out through the door at the right.*)

THE ETERNAL GIRL

JACK.

Are you ready for me, now? (*Aside.*) Here's where I make my bluff. (*He crosses to desk.*)

BERNICE.

You are Mr. Jack Bernard?

JACK.

Yes.

BERNICE.

Are you a married man, Mr. Bernard?

JACK.

Yes.

BERNICE.

What—married? Why, you never—oh—a married man! I—

JACK.

What is it?

BERNICE.

I—I thought you said something else. (*Takes pen and pretends to write.*) Married. (*Aside.*) I have found them both out! (*To JACK.*) Where does your wife live?

JACK.

(*Apologetically.*) Well—I have two. One in Chicago, and one in Lacrosse, Wisconsin. I beg pardon?

BERNICE.

Noth—nothing. Why—why that's bigamy, isn't it?

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

JACK.

Well, yes, it is in the United States. Some places it's only hard luck. However, I was really not to blame. I was drunk when I married my second wife.

BERNICE.

(*Dropping her pen.*) Drunk!

JACK.

Oh, yes—I am a confirmed drunkard. (*Aside.*) Isn't he satisfied yet that I'm a bad character? I drink opium, too.

BERNICE.

Opium!

JACK.

Yes—beastly habit, isn't it? I took to it after I found I was a confirmed kleptomaniac. I trust all this doesn't bore you?

BERNICE.

No, I'm finding out things I wouldn't have missed for worlds.

JACK.

You know—I was out camping in the Maine woods last year with a friend of mine.

BERNICE.

Yes.

JACK.

And we got into a discussion one night about the shape of a person's liver.

THE ETERNAL GIRL

BERNICE.

Yes.

JACK.

Well—I came in drunk that night, and I killed my friend and cut him up to find out.

BERNICE.

(*Springing up.*) Oh-h-h, Jack Bernard, you—you beast!

JACK.

Why, Bernice! It's Bernice! What are you doing here?

BERNICE.

I'll never speak to you again. I'm glad I found you out you—you monster! I took St. Peter's place and dressed up in his clothes just to see what sort of people you and Mr. Gilbert were, and now I've found you out—a man with two wives!

JACK.

What nonsense! You don't mean to say you believed all that, do you? Why, don't you— (*Enter GILBERT, dragging St. PETER by the arm.*)

GILBERT.

Bernard! There's something wrong here. I found this old man outside in Bernice's coat.

BERNICE.

(*Runs across the stage and throws herself in St. PETER's arms.*) Oh, Mr. St. Peter!

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

ST. PETER.

Bless me!

GILBERT.

Why, there she is! Bernice! What's all this?

BERNICE.

St. Peter, he's a beast! He's killed a man, and he's got a wife—he's got two wives.

ST. PETER.

Dear, dear!

BERNICE.

Send him away! (JACK *gestures to* GILBERT, *who walks up-stage to the corner at the right.*)

JACK.

Bernice! (*She hides her face against* ST. PETER'S *breast.*) Bernice! Listen! (*She releases* ST. PETER, *who retires to the rear right.*) You're mistaken, Bernice. Don't you see—I was lying all the time?

BERNICE.

Lying—what for?

JACK.

Well, you see, I wanted you—that is, I wanted St. Peter to think that I was bad.

BERNICE.

To think you were bad? What for?

THE ETERNAL GIRL

JACK.

Well—I might as well confess it—I thought you were there. I hoped to find you that way.

BERNICE.

Would you have done all that to find me?

JACK.

Would I? There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you, and you know it.

BERNICE.

(*Holding out her hands.*) There—I forgive you, Jack.

JACK.

(*Over her shoulder.*) Thank you, dear.

GILBERT.

What is all this? What's the matter?

ST. PETER.

(*Sighing.*) I don't know. However, it's all right. (*Enter MRS. SMYTH from the right. She sees BERNICE.*)

MRS. SMYTH.

Mr. St. Peter, has my daughter come here yet? (*She sees ST. PETER in BERNICE'S coat and veil.*) Bernice! Thank Heaven, you are here at last! (*ST. PETER turns toward her.*) Why—you're not my daughter.

ST. PETER.

(*Apologetically.*) No—I'm afraid not.

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BERNICE.

(*Advancing.*) Here I am, mother.

MRS. SMYTH.

Bernice! But what are you doing in that? (*Indicating the robe.*)

BERNICE.

Oh, that's St. Peter's. I just borrowed it. Here's Mr. Bernard, mother, and he wants to tell you something.

JACK.

How do you do, Mrs. Smyth? Pleasant weather, isn't—I mean, the fact is, we—we thought that—

BERNICE.

He means we're engaged, mamma.

MRS. SMYTH.

Engaged! You engaged to Mr. Bernard? Heavens! What a daughter I have! Did you ever see any one like her, Mr. St. Peter?

ST. PETER.

(*Meekly.*) Oh, yes. There are lots of girls like her. There were girls like her in my day; there always have been; there always will be girls like her.

BERNICE.

As long as there are men like Jack.

Curtain.

CLOUDS

By MARION LOUISE HORTON

A VERY day the shepherd sat under an oak tree that grew on the crest of the hill. Sometimes he busied himself with the sheep, but more often his thoughts turned to other matters. He looked across the fields toward the great forest where the Druids had their temple, or toward the gray towers of the castle where the baron lived, and straightway he forgot the village folk who had set him there to watch the sheep, forgot even the sheep cropping the grass beside him, and lost himself in a pleasant land of his own making. Once, indeed, he had gone to the forest with the wood-cutters and had spent a whole day there, listening to the fall of the dead leaves and the sighing of the wind among the bare branches. And once he had guided a company of travelers to the very gates of the castle. He had heard them tell strange stories of journeys in far-off lands, and they had shown him the treasure that they carried with them, rich tapestries, cups of gold and of pallid silver, curiously chased and embossed with figures, and marvelous jewels, emerald and jade and opal. And now the shepherd's thoughts turned more often from the sheep and toward the wonderful things he had seen.

Every day he sat beneath the oak tree, weaving stories for himself. The tree was his friend; he loved it and whispered his fancies to it, and when

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

the little breezes stirred its branches he thought that it was speaking its own language to him. Sometimes at night he told the tales to the village children who crowded around to listen. They liked best to hear his stories of adventure in far countries, of buried fortunes and of kings' treasures. But they could not always understand; they would laugh when he told how the winds and clouds had spoken to him, and they would run away, frightened by the strange lights in his eyes, whispering that he must be mad who told such stories.

No one else had ever asked him how he spent the long days on the hilltop, until one night three sheep were missing when his father came to count them. The shepherd could not tell where they were nor how he had lost them, but he told a marvelous story of other sheep that he had seen.

"It was in the sky that I saw them," he said. "They were white sheep, far whiter than any of those in the village, and they were too many to be counted. I saw the shepherd in the sky, too. At first I thought that he was a cloud, and that all the sheep were clouds, until I saw the sky-shepherd lead them across the blue field, and I knew that he was trying to find a pasture for them. They followed him, one by one, sometimes straying to one side or to the other, but for the most part following steadily all day long until they came to the sunset gates. The gates glowed with color like the fires from the heart of an opal, and as the sky-shepherd drew near he caught the radiance of the flaming color and was transformed, and all of his sheep with

CLOUDS

him. Then they passed through the sunset gates where my eyes could not follow, for they were wrapped in a luminous mist."

"But where are my sheep, the three that are lost?" demanded the father. "Surely you have not wasted the whole day in dreaming while you left the sheep untended! Tell me, where are my sheep?"

The shepherd shook his head stupidly. The strange light had left his eyes, and he had no words to answer. Then his father beat him, and bade him be more careful on the morrow.

The next night three more sheep were missing when his father came to count them. Then the shepherd told another marvelous story. "All day I looked for the sky-shepherd, because I thought that he could tell me where to find the sheep that I had lost. But I could not find him. Toward evening I saw a woman in the sky, who sat under a tree and played with the leaves that fell from its branches. The leaves glowed with the hues of the autumn, and the brilliance seemed to intoxicate the woman, for she reveled in the glorious colors. She began to dance, still playing with the falling leaves, until their radiance filled the whole sky. But while I watched, the glory faded and it was lost in a gray mist."

"But where are my sheep?" demanded the father, "the three that you lost yesterday, and the three that you lost today? Surely you have not wasted the whole day in dreaming while you left the sheep untended! Tell me, where are my sheep?"

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

The shepherd shook his head stupidly. The strange light had left his eyes, and he had no words to answer. Then his father beat him and bade him be more careful on the morrow.

The next night three more sheep were missing when his father came to count them. Then the shepherd told another marvelous story. "All day I looked for the sky-shepherd, or for the woman of the falling leaves, because I hoped that they could tell me where to look for the lost sheep. But I could not find them. Toward evening I saw a group of travelers in the sky. They looked as if they had made a long journey, for they went forward slowly, and carried their burdens with difficulty. Just as the sun set I saw them open their great store and lay bare their treasure, stuffs of rich texture, jeweled chalices, and gems worth more than a king's ransom. And I followed from afar off, eager to see more, and to ask them news of the far countries; but before I could reach them they were shrouded in a dense mist, where even my eyes could not follow."

"But where are my sheep, the nine that you have lost?" demanded the father. "Surely you have not wasted the whole day in dreaming while you left the sheep untended! Tell me, where are my sheep?"

The shepherd shook his head stupidly. The strange light had left his eyes, and he had no words to answer. But instead of beating him his father hastened to the council where the villagers had gathered. They listened gravely to his story. "Nine of my sheep he has lost, and he will not tell

CLOUDS

where they have gone or how he has lost them. He talks only of clouds and sheep and people he has seen in the sky. Surely he is mad, or something worse has befallen him."

"You are not the only one who has suffered," answered the oldest of the villagers. "Many have lost sheep and cattle, and even a child has been stolen from its father's doorstep. It is something worse than madness that has fallen upon your son; he is in league with the powers of darkness, and so sorrow has come to the village."

They agreed to take the shepherd straightway to the Druids and test him before the rocking stones in the forest.

Now the Druids had a temple in the heart of Bedegraine. In the shadow of the oak trees the priests kept their treasures, and the mightiest of all their possessions were the sacred rocking stones. Here in the bright light of the full moon the village folk gathered in a crowd, black against the snow-covered hill. In the center of the group was the trembling shepherd, staring stupidly as if he did not understand why he had been brought there or why the priests accused him, or even what the rocking stones might prove of guilt or innocence.

As the crowd awaited the fateful moment, tense, expectant, the moon passed behind a cloud. A priest invoked the blessing of the gods. Still the people waited. The clouds gathered; far away there was a crash of thunder. The time had come. The shepherd was led to the stones, while the priests bade him stretch forth his hands and prove his in-

nocence. If the stones did not move from their foundation he would be condemned. The women leaned forward; a child cried. A flash of lightning brought the figures into sharp relief against the snow.

As the wind stirred in the forest behind him the shepherd stretched forth his hands. With a mighty rush the tempest swept over the forest, tearing the rocks from their moss and carrying them far into the shade of the oak trees.

"See, his clouds have come to help him," the women whispered to each other. "It was not for nothing that he talked to them, and watched them all day long, while the sheep wandered away."

When the shepherd's innocence was proved the black rain began to fall, blotting out the hill and the forest. Silently the village folk departed, leaving the shepherd alone with the clouds and the forest.

THE CRIME OF THE KNAVE OF HEARTS

An Amplification.

By ROBERT LUTHER DUFFUS

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, -
And with them ran away."

HERE were, you must know, the Lord High Ace, who pertained to matters sacerdotal, the King, who controlled the affairs temporal, the Queen, his consort, and the Knave, who stood honorary guard in the palace, and committed bloody battle, when need was. Furthermore, according to the ancient chroniclers, there was a Princess, ere these things were formally done into history.

Now, on a sweet summer day in this long-forgotten time, so say the narrators, the Knave of Hearts courted the Princess in the long shades of the afternoon, and the Princess gazed at a bird in a tree and laughed. After a time the Knave grew weary of kneeling in the lush grass at her feet, and he rose, folded his arms, and scowled at her.

"Cordina," he said solemnly, "if you were as fond of me as I am of you you would not treat me this way."

"Well, it's natural you should like me better than I like you," she admitted, brazenly, "I'm much prettier than you, for example."

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"Prettier!" snorted the Knave, indignantly. "Prettier!"

"And more interesting," she added.

"Am I not interesting?" he demanded, "Am I not a soldier and a veteran? Have I not fought in thirty battles? Was I not discovered in the last with a score of dead on top of me, which I had killed, myself? Pretty! Humph!"

"Well," she remarked, irrelevantly, "there is the Knave of Diamonds."

"Nothing but a miserable little Left Bower!" he snapped.

"He is interesting," she mused. "He sits a horse so well, and walks with such a gallant air."

"Cordina," announced the Knave, fiercely, "I am not going to bandy words with you any longer. What is the matter with me—in your eyes?"

He stood erect, his head thrown back, his cap in his hand, and he made, indeed, a passable figure of a man.

"I don't like to be disagreeable," she answered at last, sweetly. "Perhaps I'd better write it and send it you afterwards."

"Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings," he said, sarcastically.

"We—el, if you insist on knowing," she began, speaking very slowly and looking quizzically at him, "I should say that you lacked dramatic interest—verve—artistic action."

He looked angry and bewildered. She stifled a smile and proceeded. "To return to your Left Bower, as you call him, he has just these qualities."

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The Knave was turning a pale green, but words seemed to fail him.

"Now, you take this last battle with the King of Spades," she went on, "where were you during the battle? Why, down in the muck and sweat, hewing away like a vulgar butcher, in a rabble of unwashed foot-soldiers. And the Bower was riding in front, and taking the big black banner, where everyone could see. That is what I call artistic warfare."

"I couldn't help losing my horse," he muttered, sulkily.

"*He* could," she responded, calmly, "and he got the banner and brought the news home. Oh, it was splendid when he came in—such a romantic bandage around his head, and so pale, and the flag across his saddle-bow, and himself drooping so wearily in the saddle, and holding by his horse's mane, when he bowed and laid the banner at the King's feet, and then fainted right before us all. Oh, it was beautiful! You should have seen it!"

"I should not!" growled the Knave. "I was back there, covered with mud and blood, doing my duty and working like a dog. There was nobody applauding the brave deeds I did."

"That's just it," she assented, "that's just the point, don't you see?"

"Oh well," he said gloomily, "I see you are too fond of dolls and popinjays and play-actors; I couldn't suit you."

The Princess smiled a little at the grass, and then looked at him sadly.

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"I was just telling you what you asked me to," she said meekly. "If you could do something—something bold and artistic, just to show you could, why, I might—I might—that is, please don't hurry off in this way."

The Knave hesitated. "Do you want an unæsthetic thing like me around?" he asked dejectedly.

"Please don't be foolish," she answered. "Of course I'd like to have you stay, if you'll sing to me."

She handed him the guitar at her side and with her own hands put the ribbon about his neck; then, lying back in the grass against the bole of the tree, she studied him quite at her ease. So he sang until the sky grew red with evening, and then they rose and walked slowly back toward the towered city.

All at once the Knave stopped, and slapped his knee.

"I have it!" he cried, "I have it!"

"Have what?" queried the Princess, raising her eyebrows.

"An idea," he explained, laconically.

"Oh!" said the Princess.

So they walked back together into the city, silently.

As they went toward the palace they passed through the public square, where was the great rock of sanctuary, from which the law could drag no offender. Just now there were a few grim-looking halberdiers surrounding the stone, and upon it sat a battered-visaged man, glowering wickedly at them. The Knave stopped, gave a little start, smiled, and then went on with the Princess into the palace.

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Now, as it happened, on the next day was to be celebrated the solemn festival of the making, dedicating, and consumption of the ceremonial tarts. This occasion, as the antique chronologers relate, came four times a year, and it was very solemn and formal and impressive. The Queen, as the first cook of the kingdom, made the tarts with her own hands, and the Lord High Ace, of the authority judicial and sacerdotal, dedicated them to the health and well-being of the kingdom, and the higher dignitaries of the court ate them with ceremony, for the common good. This particular summer observance was to be especially memorable, since the whole Court of Diamonds was to attend in celebration of their solemn alliance with the King of Hearts, under which they hoped to entirely demolish the King of Spades and his allies, and so to destroy forever his contention that Spades were trumps.

Accordingly the Queen rose early in the morning of the following day, just as the sun cast its first red, level rays into the palace windows, and, with her maids of honor about her, proceeded to the making of the tarts. The tradition runs that they were apple tarts, made from the first early apples of the year, with their young piquancy unimpaired by over-mellowing. Be that as it may, the Queen and her maidens busied themselves with flour and sugar and spice and fruit, sifting and measuring and rolling and patting, and filling and covering; and finally, as the sun stood an hour's distance from the zenith, they placed the dainty pastries in the great oven, closed the doors, and rested from their labors.

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At the full noon-tide the oven-tenders opened their ovens, brought out the tarts, and placed them on a long shelf by the western window to cool. Then the Queen and her maids of honor came and gazed on the results of their work, holding up their hands with little feminine shrieks of joy, for the pies were light as feather-snow in winter, and delicately brown, like a peasant girl's face, and aromatic as the spices of Cathay. The Queen walked proudly down the imposing line, and, as was the custom, selected one of the thirteen which was just the least infinitesimal fraction of a degree less perfect than the others, and ordered it to be cut into as many portions as were in the number of herself and her maids. So the High Assistant Slicer of the Tarts brought a sharp knife and divided the tarts into dainty wedges, and the Queen and her maids lifted the succulent, nectar-dripping morsels between their fingers, as the manner was, and ate them delicately together. Then the Queen smiled delightedly, and the maids hugged each other in their glee and vowed that there had never been such tarts since the world began.

With the afternoon came the Lords High Aces of Hearts and Diamonds, of the authority judicial and sacerdotal, arm in arm, and with them both of the courts, in all their gorgeousness. All crowded impressively into the great hall of the palace, where the Lords Aces, as the custom was, held open court, that any man, if he so desired, might show cause why the tarts should not be eaten. All seated themselves in their order, according to their

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varying degrees of rank, except the Knave of Hearts; but neither in his proper place or in the standing crowd was he to be seen, though the Knave of Diamonds sat bespangled and complacent in his own place. The Princess of Hearts sat demurely, turning now and then with an anxious glance toward the empty chair of her Knave. Her thoughts were far away from tarts, for she had begun to fear that she had sent the Knave on some desperate mission, from which he might not return.

When due time arrived the Ace of Hearts, attired in his rich robes of state, rose and advanced slowly to the edge of his platform.

"Oyez!" cried the Heralds, "Silence before the Ace!"

When the silence was absolute the Ace made his proclamation in the usual form, from which there could be no deviation.

"The Queen's tarts are ready to be eaten. If any can show cause why the eating should not be done, let him stand forth or be forever silent."

There was a brief silence, while the dignitaries who were to partake looked pleasantly anticipative, and the Queen of Hearts and her maids exchanged glances of tremulous pride.

"Then," concluded the Ace, "let the Chief Purveyor produce the tarts." Then he suddenly stopped, dumfounded, and a disheveled, purple-faced man came into view, plunging recklessly along to the foot of the higher dais.

"I object," he cried breathlessly, "I object to the eating of the tarts!"

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A universal gasp of astonishment went through the crowd, for this was a thing unheard of.

"Silence!" commanded the Ace, "Let him be heard."

"Silence!" echoed the Heralds.

The Ace turned and conversed in whispers with his colleague.

"Your objection is heard," he said, turning back toward the intruder. "In the name of the authority sacerdotal and judicial, I ask you, why should not the tarts be eaten?"

The man flung up his hand despairingly.

"Because—" he cried, "because the tarts are—" he gasped wildly for breath, "are gone!" he concluded tragically.

"Gone!" exclaimed the Ace, incredulously.

"Gone!" echoed the Queen and her maids in quavering tones.

"Gone!" repeated the messenger, firmly and sadly, "Not a crumb, not a trace, not a smell remains."

For a moment no one spoke; then the Queen of Hearts shrieked hysterically and the whole room resounded with an excited clamor.

Only two in the hall remained outwardly calm. The Princess of Hearts sat still and silent in her place, leaning forward a little, looking at the empty seat of her Knave, her expression that of one who knows not whether she is delighted, displeased or frightened. What this expression may be it is for you to imagine. The Knave of Diamonds was also looking at the empty seat, and a flash of sinister triumph crossed his face.

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"I accuse," he cried, "the Knave of Hearts!"

He turned to smile at the Princess. Since the stolen tarts had been made by her own mother, and since she had encouraged him somewhat in the past, he expected, quite naturally, a look of approbation from her. But the Princess—and in this all our accounts agree—the Princess openly and obviously thrust out her dainty tongue at him, and after that saw him no more than if he had been clear air. No one had time to speak again, for there now came bursting in a second messenger, and behind him a whole swarm of messengers.

"The Knave of Hearts!" cried the first.

"— he is eating the tarts in the public square," broke in another, crowding up.

"— in the public square!" shouted the rest, anxious to be heard.

There was a general roar of anger, in the midst of which the Ace raised his hand for silence.

"Friends," he said impressively, "there has been a deed committed for which the known law provides no punishment. I, with my colleague of Diamonds, will go into solemn consultation on the matter. It is for you to procure the culprit and bring him before us. Do not skin him or tear him limb from limb—as yet, but bring him here intact. It is for us to decide what shall be visited upon him." So speaking, he extended his arm to the Ace of Diamonds and the two passed majestically out through a curtained archway at the rear.

Left to itself the assembly sprang to its feet, Diamonds and Hearts inextricably mixed, and

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rushed violently toward the door. The Queen of Hearts was now in the throes of hysterics, but the Princess fled without a backward glance.

The whole town was now in an uproar. Far off the great bell in the town hall was ringing the alarm, and the streets were thronged with a bewildered mass of soldiers, courtiers and townspeople converging on the square. The Princess was carried bodily along by the rush, and into the square, where the crowd was exhausting its pent energy in irregular swayings backward and forward.

Finding herself near some steps leading to an upper door in a house-wall, the Princess mounted them, and was able to look out over the whole square. Sure enough, there in the center, on the Sanctuary Rock, sat the Knave, complacently eating tarts. Round about him was a little open space, beyond which the foremost of the crowd raged helplessly. No one dared to cross the base line of the great stone, for the penalty of a violator of sanctuary was death. So the Knave sat there securely, with the stolen tarts arranged on the stone behind him, and ate them slowly, tasting and seemingly enjoying every morsel. His face was quite peaceful and contented, not at all as it had been yesterday when the Princess had flouted him. After a while he caught the Princess' eye, whereupon, rising to his feet, he bowed and ate a tart as though he were making a toast to her.

At length the Knave came to the last tart, and he ate it with reluctance, looking a long time at the final morsel before he swallowed it. Then he rose,

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brushed the crumbs from his clothes and heaved a great sigh of content.

"Good tarts!" he said, as if to himself. "Good tarts. I never had enough before."

He looked over toward the Princess and prepared to descend. She motioned frantically for him to keep back, for the foremost of the crowd were already circulating around the base of his refuge, but the Knave smiled ironically, and then stepped quietly down, whereupon the front rank of the crowd lapped over and fell upon him. There was a great swirl and flurry, into which came running presently a dozen halberdiers, and the Knave emerged in the midst of them, somewhat dusty, a trifle battered, but still ostentatiously jaunty. He looked up again as they led him past the Princess, and smiled another sardonic smile.

"Is this dramatic enough, and verry and artistic enough?" he asked. "Does this suit you?"

The Princess, pale and frightened, had for once nothing to say, but in a moment, seeing some of her attendants near by, called them to her and went back to the palace hall with more dignity than she had come. The Diamond Knave, from an obscure corner, laughed quietly to himself, and followed the procession-back toward the palace. The rest of the throng trailed along behind those who were conducting the prisoner, and so they pressed into the hall again, first the guards and courtiers, who had a right to be there, and next the townspeople, who had no right to enter, but did so nevertheless.

In front of all, beneath the vacant dais of the

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Aces, they placed the Knave, still calm and unabashed, while the ten halberdiers glowered upon him wickedly, and the others gazed at him with a mingling of anger and wonderment. When all had come in, and the Heralds had regained their dignity and their breath, a pursuivant was sent into the presence of the Aces to ascertain if they were ready to give their decision.

There was a long pause. The Knave stood dramatically, with folded arms and insolent countenance, the focus and center of all eyes and all thoughts. Once he succeeded in catching the Princess' eye, as she glanced sideways at him, and raised his eyebrows in another cynical interrogation. She flushed helplessly, glanced quickly down, and looked at him no more; whereupon he whistled an irreverent note or two, and turned away. Meanwhile the Diamond Knave had edged up to the outer rim of the encircling guards. His face was lit up with sinister triumph and his lip curled back in a sneer. He too tried to attract the attention of the Princess, but she looked through him as though he were not there.

"Humph!" he said, turning to one of the guards, "will they—er—skin him, think you?"

"Very like," replied the guard cheerfully, "or perchance they may boil him in oil." He grinned at the prisoner.

Just then the curtain at the rear was swept open, and the two high dignitaries once more made their majestic appearance, taking their former seats. The Ace of Hearts turned sternly toward the prisoner.

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"Prisoner," he said, "you are before us on the charge of stealing, purloining, abducting, and conveying thence the Queen's tarts, and of wickedly, scandalously, and shamelessly eating, devouring and consuming the same. You may answer to the charge. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Certainly, your Altitude," responded the Knave cheerfully, "certainly I ate the tarts. And whatever punishment you see fit to inflict upon me, I shall still die happy after that foretaste of Paradise."

The Queen of Hearts and her several maids tried hard not to look pleased, and failed.

"He acknowledges his guilt," declared the Ace, impressively.

"He acknowledges his guilt," cried the Heralds, vociferously.

"Prisoner and lords, listen to our decision," resumed the Ace, with his most ponderous judicial air, "We find the prisoner guilty of the heinous crime herein denominated, namely the felonious abstraction of the royal tarts, and we find him worthy of all the extreme sentences of the law, namely, to be boiled in oil, skinned, beheaded, drawn and quartered, and imprisoned for the rest of his natural life."

The Knave of Diamonds laughed boisterously, and was silenced by a halberdier. The Princess gave a shrill scream, and an awestruck murmur ran through the hall, for never in all the history of the state had these penalties been inflicted on one man. Even the prisoner, for all his nonchalance, paled slightly, and shifted his feet uneasily. The Ace

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looked reprovingly over his glasses until there was silence again. Then he turned once more to the prisoner.

"Prisoner," he said, "have you any reason to give why sentence should not be passed?"

"I don't know that I have, your Altitude," replied the Knave, who had regained his poise. "Proceed."

"Then," said the Ace, very solemnly, "I sentence you to have all these things heretofore enumerated performed upon your body, immediately, in order not to keep these ladies and gentlemen waiting. Pursuivant, kindly take my orders to the Lord High Chief Executioner. *Fiat justitia.*"

The crowd was very still now, and a little shocked stir could be heard, though there were some who had brightened up and looked pleasantly anticipative. The Knave was not seemingly affected.

"As I said," he remarked quietly, "I had no objection to your passing sentence upon me—if it amused you—but I'm afraid it can't be carried out."

"Can't be carried out!" thundered the Ace, rising in anger, "We shall see! We shall see!"

"Because," continued the Knave, "there resides in the tarts a certain sanctity, by tradition and observance."

"Go on," said the Ace, "you may speak this once, since it will be your last appearance here."

"Well, it follows that, however irregular and sacrilegious and criminal the eating may be—and I would be the last one to deny that it was so in this case—the sanctity still resides in the eater or eaters, and that, whereas it has formerly passed

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into forty persons, the whole amount has now passed into me. Therefore I have a monopoly of all your official immunities. Therefore," he drew himself up theatrically, "therefore the law cannot touch me. You had better tell your evil-smelling guard to go away and boil and skin and behead someone else."

He paused. The Princess was looking up delightedly, admiringly. The Ace sat silent, looking down, thinking. A windy murmur passed over the crowd, and then it was silent, intently watching the Knave and his two judges. The Ace of Hearts looked at the Ace of Diamonds, and the latter nodded sadly. "He is right," he whispered, "we can do nothing with him." Then both Aces turned a deep purple with rage.

After a time the Ace of Hearts got his voice under control sufficiently to speak.

"The law," he began hoarsely, "the law cannot attack the law. The prisoner is guilty and deserving of death; the prisoner is free. Let the guards stand back!"

The Ace sat down again in the midst of a wild commotion, and the guards fell slowly and reluctantly back from about the prisoner. Without hesitating an instant, the Knave strode over toward the Princess.

"Cordina," said the Knave, "this is dramatic, verry and artistic, or I miss my guess. Cordina, am I interesting now?"

"Ye—es," said the Princess, demurely, "ve—ery."

Whereupon, as one of our chroniclers quaintly

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says, the Knave proceeded to act as if there were none other there than he and she.

The chief narrator goes on to say that the Knave married the Princess the next day, much to the rage of her family and of the kingdom in general; that he then boldly assumed the duties and powers which no one could deny he had obtained by the consumption of the royal tarts, and carried on these duties with such great energy and ability that he gradually won back everyone to his side, excepting the Knave of Diamonds, who endeavored to poison his rival's soup and was exiled for life. It is added, further, that the Knave of Hearts had so gained in favor at the end of another year, that on the fourth tart-making after the famous theft there were made twenty-four tarts, twelve for the chief dignitaries, as of old, and twelve for the Knave. So the Knave continued in his office for the remainder of his four-score years, and he and his descendants for many generations regularly ate twelve tarts at each of the four ceremonial tartages of the year. And the reason for this, to the best of my knowledge, has up to this day been the despair of antiquarians.

LITTLE KINGDOM

By AURANIA ELLERBECK

AN oligarchy of thirty men ruled "Little Kingdom" camp. In age, manners, and morals the thirty tyrants varied as greatly as those of whom we have so often learned in the good old Roman history days, from Sod, the Greek, who slunk in the shadows by instinct, to Fisher, who wore his "devil-may-care-but-I-don't" air like a gossamer that might some day wear thin and fall away. Fisher was the only man in the camp who was not tagged with a characteristic nickname. Nothing complimentary was permissible. Nothing uncomplimentary seemed to fit. He had no little vices men could sneer at—those he possessed were so magnitudinous that lesser sinners merely blinked in the dazzling light of his vicious achievements and passed on, overawed. He was still Fisher.

Little Kingdom was in her third year, when she was most prosperous and unholy. Gold and gambling houses fought together, pick and shovel, to possess the souls of the mighty thirty. It was war between nugget and dollar, and Providence, the roulette wheel, allotted dollar the first victory. Yes, dollar won "Blab" Draymer's soul, won it, and tampered with it. Now, Blab was taking a quick trail from Little Kingdom—the trail that leads out and away and endeavors to lose itself among the foothills.

Only once after he had swung his leg across his

pony's back and started in his mad flight down the road did Blab pull up—that was when, just safely out of sight of camp, he pulled in his pretty little roan and listened to the sound of heavy footsteps coming toward him on the road. The indecision of fear hovered over his face for a second. Which way should he turn? If once Little Kingdom discovered the trail he had chosen, some of the shepherds would soon be out after the lost sheep. Blab felt for his Colt, then remembered where and why he had left it behind. But this paper in his pocket! He had carried away with him the note he had taken precious time to scribble, the note that was so imperative. It must reach Fisher and at once. But should he risk the danger of capture, merely for this?

Cowardice was a foe whose onslaught Blab could better cope with than the seductive little dollar that had ruined him, and he stood his ground. Those few scrawled words must be delivered. His thumping heart-beats were counting the seconds as he held Rosie's head and waited to see what fate the quickly advancing steps would bring. A heavy form swung around the bend of the road.

"Fisher!" For a moment the weakness of reassurance after fear almost sickened Blab. Here was the only man in Little Kingdom who wouldn't "peach."

Fisher looked up at the sound of his name.

"Well," he said slowly, stopping to survey Blab's wild dishevelment. "Well, you look about like you'd seen—the devil."

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Blab leaned over his saddle. "I have," he whispered tensely, "and I'm getting out of his sight as quick as I know how."

"Beating it?" asked Fisher, showing no surprise in his voice, though the lines around his eyes had deepened suddenly.

"Yes, I've about done myself, and I guess they're on by now," Blab answered grimly.

"You'd better get along then, and save what's left." Fisher motioned impatiently down the road.

"Hold on; I didn't stop here and wait fer you fer nothin'," menaced the fugitive.

"For me?" questioned Fisher.

"Yes, it's about my sister. I just got word that she'd reach camp today. She's a good girl, Rosie is. I named the mare for her." It was undeniable proof of affection.

"But—"

"Hold on, I know what you're going to say. I know that as well as you. Course 'taint a decent place for a decent girl, but she wasn't making mōney and got lonesome, and just wrote that she had started on her way up here to keep house for me. I just finished reading her letter, and was going to leave this message for you." He tore up the paper he had risked his neck to deliver.

"Cut it short, man, there's danger." Fisher's steady blue eyes were anxiously watching the road.

"Hold on, I got to finish. Now, Sis can't take care of herself in this hole—"

Fisher smiled. If "Sis" was the counterpart of "Brother," her face would be sufficient protection.

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"I want you, Fisher—I want you to look after her."

It was a master stroke on Draymer's part. In Fisher's protection he knew the girl would be absolutely safe from the other men in the camp—and from Fisher.

"Don't say you won't," he continued hurriedly, as the other man started to protest. "I know you ain't got any use for petticoats, but that's the reason why I'm goin' to trust her with you."

Just then Fisher's acute senses caught a faint sound in the distance. Rosey pricked up her ears.

"Hike, man! Your time's up!"

Blab remained motionless. "Promise me, Fisher," he demanded. "Promise me, or I won't stir!"

"Fool! can't you hear?" The hoof beats were now faintly audible.

"Promise, I say! Tell the boys she's your sister or—or—"

"All right, I swear it. Now git!"

Striking the mare's flanks with his heavy tramping stick, Fisher sent her tearing around the curve of the hill. And, as soon as Blab had been swallowed up in the mountain, Fisher began at once to beat vigorously among the dry bushes at the edge of the road, until to his supreme satisfaction he encountered a fair-sized rattlesnake. In his battle with the silver-scaled reptile he took care that the ground received most of his blows, so that the snake was still half alive when three riders galloped down the road and drew rein beside him.

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"Whoa! How long you been on this trail, Fisher?" It was Hank who spoke thus importunately, while the other two horsemen eagerly scanned the hillside.

"'Bout all day. What's up?" nonchalantly enough.

"Since noon?" Hank snapped.

"'Bout all day, you heard me say. Lost something?" Fisher struck another desultory blow at the rattler, putting an end at last to its writhing coils. It was like him to appear disinterested. Was that a yawn?

"Blab Draymer's robbed the bank! He jumped camp at noon today." Hank positively shot the words at the imperturbable Fisher, who, after allowing the thunderbolt to stagger him sufficiently, coolly exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be damned! And you're chasing him?" He really was surprised to discover the exact nature of Blab's defection.

"Every trail is loaded, of course."

"Cause if you are, you'd better try another track," suggested Fisher, his level, unflinching eyes as disconcerting as a barricade.

"Ye don't say! Wall, I had a wrong hunch." Hank was weakly retreating, but his instinct told him to go forward. "Why, just back there a ways, I cud a swore I heard hoof beats," he remonstrated.

"I was about ten minutes pounding at this here rattler." Fisher's conclusive tone challenged disbelief.

"Oh, yes! I reckon that's what we heard. Wall,

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boys, t'other way now, double quick." And with a vindictive dig of his spurs, Hank wheeled his horse around and sent him flying back along the road, the other two racing after his dust.

"Fools," blurted out Fisher, more scornful of his dupes than proud of his successful duplicity. Kicking the mangled rattlesnake aside, he tramped on, soliloquizing, "So Blabber helped himself out of the bank, did he? Humph! I always knew he was too much of a gentleman to make an honest gambler."

Ruminating thus, he soon came in sight of the little cluster of shanties where the thirty ruled and rioted. Little Kingdom was the most interestingly ugly mining camp of all the horde that sprang up like weeds after the strike at Cripple Creek. Mountain, hill, rock were jammed together helter skelter without thought of beauty or design on Nature's part. Here and there a shaggy log cabin, built into the mountainside, tailings dumps, a pick, a shovel, a sieve, gave witness to the underground life of which they were the symbols.

On reaching camp, Fisher stopped at the first "bunch of dead trees," as he was wont to style the poorly built cabins that were used for stores.

"Hey, Fisher, heard the news?" called out "Bottles" from behind the bar, as Fisher swung into "Kingdom Come" saloon.

"Yes, I heard it," he returned with induced calm. His difficult mission in camp now was evidently one of pacification.

"Wasn't ye tuk back some? What'll ye hev? whiskey?"

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"Two, thanks. It's a thirsty day. Camp is some quiet. Everybody gone out after —?"

"The thief?" The bartender had no qualms. "Blab" had only pleasant associations. "Blab" was a good fellow, a silly old Blab, who told everything he knew—except that he had a sister. The bank robber had no name.

"Yes—the whole bunch gone?" Fisher repeated.

"All but a few. Some of the boys—ha! ha!—is up gettin' their fingers trimmed."

"Getting what?"

"Oh, ain't ye heard? Wall, ye'll die when I tell ye. There'e a manicoor in camp!"

"A what? Manicure? On the dead?" Fisher's eyes twinkled appreciatively.

"Yep! One o' them as tickles yer finger nails. A female manicoor! Lord! Lord!" and Bottles held his shaking sides.

"Well, that's a good one. A manicurist in Little Kingdom! I thought we had enough women hanging around this camp already." A new aspect of the case presented itself to his mind.

"Yes, she's opened up her office in that robber's bunk—"

"Blab's cabin?" questioned Fisher, sharply, putting down his glass before it reached his lips.

"Yep," said Bottles, polishing a glass with his huge bandana handkerchief. "Must be an old flame o' his'n just come out the day he left—"

"Did you say some of the boys had started a'ready?" jumping to his feet and slapping on his cap.

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"Yep!" Bottles regarded with amazement the sudden access of animation.

"Walk or ride?" striding to the door.

"Walk. Why, what in —"

"Tell Sandy I took his horse. So long!" and Fisher was off, tearing holes in the road.

"Wall! Wall! Ef he ain't gone off an' left his drink. An' fer a woman, too," said Bottles, staring in amazement at the fast disappearing cloud of dust.

When Fisher overtook the bunch, they had just congregated outside the cabin door, passing pleasantries and unpleasantries about the little black and gold sign, "Hair Dressing, Manicuring and Facial Massage." And even Fisher had to hide a smile at the utter incongruity of such a sign over such a door.

Sliding off his horse, which was dripping with foam from his uphill gallop, Fisher stalked calmly up to the sportive group; five there were in all—the five of the thirty with whom he was least inclined to deal—all more or less intoxicated with an unbalanced mixture of holiday, robbery and gin.

"Howdy, boys," he said good-naturedly, leading Sandy's horse up by the reins.

"'Lo, Fisher!" Sandy grinned. "Come to see the she-barber?"

"Want a facial, Fisher?" another called out.

"You boys didn't wait long to make your call," Fisher suggested.

"Make a call yerself," Sandy leered. "We come up to git our hands helt, heh, boys?"

"Take a tuck in your voice, Sandy my friend! I don't want the little girl offended. There's your

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horse," and he threw the reins over Sandy's unwilling and unsteady hands. Then brushing past the others, belligerently arranged before the steps, Fisher strode up to the cabin door and laid his hand impressively on the knob.

"Leave holt thar, Fisher. I was fust come. You ain't got no claim on the old sneak's girl," "Measles" whined, attempting to crowd Fisher from his place.

"Step aside, quick now, and no more talk from you," said Fisher sharply. "I came up here to invite you fellows in. I wanted to introduce ye to my sister, but—"

"W'at ye givin' us?" The minature mob was grumbling.

"Any man who don't behave like a gentleman to my sister will get a little ray of sunlight let into his head." With this gentle warning, Fisher stepped into the cabin, omitting the formality of a knock.

What he saw in the dimly lighted room he entered was a slim little piece of a boy—no, it was in petticoats, so it must be a girl—unwinding herself from the burlap curtains, hidden behind which she had been watching with tremulous curiosity the proceedings without. She turned a pale, expectant face up to Fisher.

"Come here,"—her name? Oh, yes, Blab's pony, Rosie! "Come here, Rosie, I want to introduce you to my friends." In a lower voice, he whispered, "Blab—that's Al, you know—told me to look after you. It's all right; just do as I say."

At the mention of Al, Rosie's slightest fear was dispelled. She tripped up to Fisher's side and

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stood heroically outside the door, smiling at the unkempt quintet before her, without pompadour, earrings, or any of the usual gaudy, feminine frippery. She seemed to them little more than a boy, accustomed as they were to the more buxom wenches Little Kingdom boasted. A slim, simple little maid she was, with brown hair screwed into a long braid and coiled evenly around her well shaped head. Her colorless oval face, with its brave little smile, above a modest, long-sleeved sailor suit, gave an impression of gentility that took the gaping miners aback. This was a lady. She showed neither her elbows nor her ankles.

"Boys, this is my sister," Fisher graciously declaimed.

Rosie smiled again, but the miners continued merely to gaze. Incredulity and amazement held them dumb.

"Boys, this is my sister," Fisher repeated more pointedly and emphatically than before. His level eyes challenged response.

Rosie's smile was beginning to droop and sag.

"Boys!" more determined than ever. "I say, this is my sister!" The introduction was more threat than appeal now. But not until Fisher shifted his hand toward his hip pocket did his speechless friends appear to loosen up. First Measles stepped cautiously forth, coughed, sniffed, and then, as words still failed him, went on a systematic search for his pocket handkerchief. By this time Sandy, with his eyes glued to Fisher's hand, was moved to action. With a disgusted snort at the incom-

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petent Measles, he spat vigorously and began:

"We boys—I say—we boys ain't such duffers as we seem. We kin talk sometimes, but we was so tuk back to find you was Fisher's sister, that—that—wasn't we, boys?" with an appealing look at the others.

"You bet!" came the loud acclaim.

"But we air glad to know ye," went on Sandy, gathering courage, "an' glad to see ye here amongst—amongst—" he waved a limp hand impressively around to indicate the barren hillsides, "amongst these beautiful Colorado mountings. Ain't we, boys? And we'll—we'll come agin tomorrer, won't we, boys?"

"You bet! You bet! So long," was the scattering chorus, as they took advantage of the first opportunity to escape.

So Rosie was safely installed. As she watched her visitors disappear, a more silent lot than had arrived, she drew a long breath, let it out in a nervous little laugh and sighed, "Goodness me!"

"Frightened?" Fisher asked dryly, his eyes full of speculation as he watched her.

"Not—not so very—I knew they were mostly fooling. But come in and tell me what's happened to Al. Are you and he brothers, that you are so suddenly related to me? Where is the blessed boy?"

The blessed boy! Fisher realized that his responsibilities as guardian were only beginning. His initial lies had to be built on a large scale.

"Oh," carelessly, "Al's all right, but he's been worrying about money lately and—"

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“Poor boy! He never had any luck!” Rosie sat down on the rickety stump that served as a stool and tucked her chin thoughtfully between her fists. “What’s he doing now?” she demanded.

“Well, he saw a chance to make a good thing, and he jumped at it,” said Fisher, consoling himself with the thought that this at least was true.

“So you think he’ll come out all right?” she inquired eagerly.

“It’s hard to tell,” said Fisher soberly, thinking of the relentless band that was scouring the hills. “But if he does, he will have made as much in two or three days as we fellows around here could save in a year.” And he had to struggle to keep a tinge or irony out of his voice.

“Why didn’t he wait for me?” she asked, eagerly enough.

Fisher reflected. “Well, he didn’t have time, and he couldn’t have taken you with him anyway.” He was gambling with the truth.

“But at least he could have waited to say good-bye.”

“No! No!” said Fisher, growing alarmed at her insistence. “He—he was in an awful hurry. He had to take the only chance he saw, and take it quick. But he told me to tell you goodbye for him, and that—”

“And that he would come back soon,” she finished hopefully.

“Mm—ye—es,” Fisher doubtfully assented.

“Is that all?”

“Yes, except that he told me to tell you to go

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right back—back where you came from.” Lies were coming quite fluently now.

“He did! Well, I won’t!” jumping to her feet and resolutely facing him.

“You won’t?” Fisher sat up.

“No, indeed. I haven’t got a cent to my name! I’d only been working a month when I lost my job at Colorado Springs; that’s why I came here. And now I haven’t any other place to go to. So I’m going to stay. Is that all?”

“Well,”—Fisher looked at this very determined young person and canvassed his imagination for another excuse. “Yes,” he concluded lamely, “that’s all.”

“Then if that’s all, how do you happen to be such a close connection of mine? Was it a joke?”

“Yes—er—no, you see—Oh, you don’t understand this camp! Hello, what’s this? By jingo, Al’s revolver.” He picked up the weapon familiarly.

“He forgot it!” Rosie glanced apprehensively at the glistening object he so carelessly fingered.

“No, I reckon he left it here on purpose for you,” suggested Fisher, rejoicing inwardly that the blue barrelled “44” had distracted her attention from the matter of their relationship.

“For me! I can’t shoot,” she objected with a shudder.

“Then you’ll have to learn.” There was an uncertainty about ordering this inflexible young girl around that was novel to Fisher.

“But why do I have to learn to shoot? Oh, say, how stupid of me! I might as well be working

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while I talk. I've got some warm water all ready—here!" she brought forward a bowl of soapy water and planted it carefully on the table in front of her guest.

"What are you going to do?" He was as terrified as a schoolboy.

"Give you a manicure, while you wait." This in her professional tones.

"Oh, no you aren't!" he stammered, blushing as he hid his rough, calloused hands behind him, after a glance at her long white fingers, tipped with their daintily polished nails.

But she pulled them gaily up to the table. "You men are heathens! Goodness, look here! That nail is just like a Chinaman's. Aren't you ashamed? Now," she went on, as she sawed away at Fisher's toughened thumbnail with a squeaky file, making cold chills chase down his spine, "now, why do I have to learn to shoot?" The file was suspended for one comforting moment.

"For the same reason that you have to take me for a brother—to protect yourself. Every *decent* woman in this camp carries a gun and knows how to use it. The others—don't!"

Rosie, wondering, looked him straight in the eye, with a gaze as unflinching as his own. Suddenly down came the eyes, and at the same time the file unmercifully descended. Then the agonies were uninterrupted for a few thoughtful, pregnant moments. This was Rosie's first lesson in taking care of herself. She was not slow to catch the significance of his words.

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Fisher soon found himself bound and fettered with all a brother's responsibilities. In the days that followed Blab's disappearance Rosie demanded, as a sister, considerable attendance from her new brother. They had the camp practically to themselves while the boys were out on a desperate search for their lost earnings. So Fisher devoted most of his time to his new companion.

Many were the hours he spent in tramping over the hills, teaching Rosie to handle her shining little weapon, until one day she was able on the first attempt to knock down a squirrel from the ledge of a rock.

"You'll qualify," Fisher told her on that occasion.

One day as she pinned on her hat before Blab's old cracked shaving mirror, preparatory to starting out on a tramp with Fisher, Rosie exclaimed, "My, I'm getting fat! My face is like a full moon." She turned to Fisher for corroboration of her statement. She had realized, with not a little chagrin, that he seemed to forget to notice her appearance unless his attention was particularly called to it.

"Yes, your face is healthier," he rejoined, laconically.

Healthier indeed! He failed to realize that she was prettier as well. He treated her as if she were a mere boy. Still, it was small wonder. She really might just as well have been a boy, for all that the billowy sailor suit revealed of curve and contour.

"He thinks I'm just a kid," she ruminated, nettled at the impersonal attitude of the favorite of Little

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Kingdom. It had taken her scarcely any time to find out how this stalwart, blue-eyed miner stood in the eyes of the camp—and in her own. His very indifference had been an attraction up to a certain point. But that point had long ago been reached, and now Rosie even began to doubt whether she enjoyed being passed off as his sister. Fisher took too naturally to the rôle of brother.

"I have always heard," she began, one day, as they sat together on the front steps of her cabin, "that miners were such dreadful creatures. Of course I didn't believe it, because there was Al—and you! You don't look," scanning his frank, sunburned countenance, "as though you had ever done anything wrong in your life."

Fisher opened his lips, then closed them again without speaking. He had a well defined idea that what he wanted to say was not precisely in keeping with what he was morally obliged to. The sudden appearance of a rider on the road below was a welcome interruption.

"There comes Hank with the mail," he remarked, pointing to a dust-beclouded figure crossing the bridge.

"The mail? Oh, perhaps there's a letter from Al!"

"I'll go down and see as soon as it's passed out. And don't forget, when you see the rest of the boys, not to mention Al. You might be found out, though you two certainly don't look much alike." It was the nearest he had ever come to complimenting her.

"But why must we keep on—"

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"I told you you needed a brother in camp," decisively.

Rosie was silenced.

"By the way," he continued, "my first name is Hal, in case you want to use it some day."

"Hal Fisher?" exclaimed Rosie, looking quizzically at him for a moment.

"Yes—why?"

"Oh, nothing. I've just heard Al mention you." Now she remembered Al had told her once that Hal Fisher was the best friend, the worst enemy, the luckiest miner, the squarest boss, but the hardest gambler in camp. Her dark brows were drawn into a thoughtful frown as she recalled the words. A sudden fear drew pain around her heart.

"Say, Mr. Fisher," she commenced irresolutely.

"My name's Hal! Got any more matches?"

"All right, Hal. I—er—" she hesitated again.

Fisher waited, puffing at his little corn-cob.

"Why don't you say 'well' or 'yes' or something, when I begin that way?" complained Rosie.

"I thought you'd go on when you got ready," was the amused answer.

"Well, you're right, I *am* ready, and I'm going right on! I want to know if you ever—play cards?" Rosie felt a little bold and very righteous.

"When I get a chance," was the cool retort.

"Do you play for *money*?" lowering her tones to a whisper at the mention of that iniquity.

"Well, what on earth do you think I play for?" he demanded with real amazement in his face. "Marbles? pins?"

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"Then it's true," moaned Rosie, her worst fears confirmed.

"What's true?" He had never seen her look like this before.

"That you gamble—and drink—not just a little, but a lot, and go to that Golden Rule place and let those women sell you chips, and you bet, and then when you lose you get drunk, and when you win you get drunk—Oh! it's awful—"

"Now lookee here, Rosie," Fisher broke in, annoyed at her assumption of guardianship, "I'm taking care of you; you needn't worry your head about me. I'm used to taking life just as I find it, and I haven't cared much so far whether it was dished up good or bad. As for your religious notions—well, religion's a relish I haven't found on my bill of fare yet, thank you!" He knocked the ashes decisively from his pipe. "I'll go on down for the mail now. There comes some more of the boys," he finished, as another cloud of dust swept down the road.

"Where have they all been?" asked Rosie listlessly.

"Oh—there's been a lot of big prospecting parties gone out lately. That's all. You had better not come down to camp tonight. Put out your light pretty early. There's likely to be big doings at the Golden Rule."

"Then why don't you stay away?" There was a look of yearning in her face as she watched his careless smiling eyes.

"Oh, say, I'm not wearing petticoats just yet.

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"I'll wave if there's no mail. Goodbye." And without further argument he left her.

But all the way down the hill, the memory of that hungry little smile kept cutting into his heart. None of his former conscience pricks had ever bled like this. Ah, well, he would stop at Kingdom Come and drink it off.

Rosie, watching the sign of the Golden Rule in the valley across the creek grow indistinct in the blending twilight, suddenly became possessed of a wild-cat energy. Before Fisher was fairly out of sight, she was loosening the tight braids of her hair, letting her glowing curls fall in rippling lights and shadows around her shoulders. Then up the ladder built in the wall, she climbed to the half-boarded rafters, pulled out from under the roof her old cotton bag of treasures, and hugged it ecstatically for a moment.

From the edge of the platform she sent the precious bundle down with a thud to the floor. One ancient relic, a faded pink stocking, escaped from the bulging bag as it landed below.

"Now," she said, peering elfishly out over the rafters, and apostrophizing the fallen article, "when I get you on, we'll see if he treats us like a kid; we will!"

By the time Fisher had left the little zigzag path that led from Rosie's cabin, all the returning miners had congregated around Bottles' place, waiting for Hank to pass out the mail. It was already eight o'clock, and they were all more or less impatient.

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"Hand it out, Hank! You're slower than the seven years," Measles advised.

"Expectin' somethin'?" inquired Hank, grinning. Measles was known to be a no-one from no-where.

"No trace of Blab, eh?" asked Fisher as he joined the anxious group around Hank.

"Nòt yit. I found I'd been follerin' Marty, and Marty'd been follerin' Jim, so we all cum back together," reported Mush, late pardner of Blabber.

"A package and a letter, both for me?" Fisher exclaimed, as Hank presented him with a dirty square box and an envelope. Stepping aside, he eagerly scanned the few scrawled words that Blab had scribbled. He wrote that he was sending back all but a trifle of the money he had borrowed. Fisher had treated him so white he felt like a skunk to sneak off and take the boys' dough. Anyway the fear of being found out was making him lose his nerve. And besides, he wanted Rosie. He would soon be able to make up the rest of the money he owed the boys, and then he would send for his sister. He asked that Fisher tear up the postmark of the letter. (Rosie must not know yet that he had written). That was all.

"Oh," Measles was orating, as Fisher turned back to join the argumentative group gathered around Hank, "if you'd a gone on down the Hill-town road Hank, you'd found the dirty runaway for all o' Fisher. His eyesight ain't so keen—"

"My ears are, though, Measly, old boy," coolly interrupted Fisher, as Measles backed away, abashed at being overheard. "And some of my ideas

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aren't so far off either. I know Blabber was a weak one—weak as a poodle!”

“Never could lift more'n a nut-pick in the mine,” assented Mush.

“But he's not so bad as some I know. Here's your savings he's sent back.” Fisher's cool presentation of the box prevented an immediate explosion. The boys were too over-awed at the unexpectedness of it to raise an outcry.

“Well, I'll be ——!” said Bottles, breathing hard, his red face redder with emotion. “If he wasn't so blamed weak that he couldn't hold on to the wad after he tuk it!”

The laugh that followed relieved the situation of its intensity, and with a whoop of relief and joy the crowd broke up and paraded noisily over to the storehouse to deposit their restored gold.

Meanwhile Fisher stalked up to the hospitable door of the “Golden Rule.” So Rosie would be going to her brother, would she? Then she would soon recover from her pretty little wish to reform her brother's friend. Somehow he could not reconcile himself to the thought of her leaving Little Kingdom—but assuredly this was no place for such a charmingly innocent child.

Stepping into the back room, where the tables were ready for the evening's play, Fisher stopped suddenly in the doorway, staring in stupefaction at one of the three occupants of the room. Millie and Hannah were at their accustomed places behind the tables, but who was that third woman sitting back of the other “lay-out”—that curly-haired girl with

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the foam-white shoulders and the tapering arms? Every line, from the curve of her bodice, where the red silk of her dress hung limply to her softly rounded figure, to her little slippered foot, was feminine grace. Beneath the hem of her skirt, not quite ankle length, several inches of pink stocking were boldly visible. Fisher's emotions were kaleidoscopic. At first all he realized was that this stunningly beautiful woman was Rosie,—his little girl-boy Rosie. Then when he remembered where she was, and what it meant for her to be there, he strode up impetuously behind her. "Girl alive," he whispered hoarsely in her ear, "what are you doing here?"

Rosie turned with a start. Then seeing Fisher's face close to her own and the other women watching jealously, she shrugged her shoulders affectedly. "Selling chips, of course. How many?"

She began to count out a pile. Fisher brushed them aside with a sweep of his hand, and viciously dashed to the floor the kerosene lamp. It sputtered convulsively for a few minutes, and went out. In the darkness that followed, a bewildered little girl was picked up in two strong arms and carried bodily through the side door. Over the bridge and on up the trail toward Blab Draymer's cabin, Fisher silently bore her.

Rosie, realizing that her plan had succeeded, was too happy to speak. Finally when they reached the steep slope of the hill, and she could feel Fisher's heart pounding against her shoulder, she demurred—

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"Please put me down! You'll kill yourself!"

"I almost wish I could," he panted, putting her gently on her feet beside him.

"Why, Hal!" she remonstrated.

"Oh, girl, you don't know how it made me feel to see you there. I couldn't stand it! I realized all of a sudden when I saw you sitting in that hell hole that I was the blackest sinner on earth to fool around in places where I couldn't bear to have you be; and now I only know this much, Rosie, that you're an angel of heaven come down on earth to make me happy and keep me decent. I love you. Isn't that religion enough for a sinner?" He held out his arms to her. Then, as a different phase of her action flashed hideously through his mind, he held her back away from him.

"But, Rosie, you didn't really intend—you didn't mean—?" He almost shook her as he demanded the truth. "Oh, don't you know what those women —"

"Hush!" she commanded, "I had my pistol in my belt! Isn't that proof that I was pretending? I only wanted to show you that I wasn't a kid and that you—loved me, Hal." She laid her head against his arm.

"Thank God! And now I'm going to show it to you for the rest of my life, dear." Stooping, he bent his head and kissed her for the first time.

THE END OF THE STORY

By HELEN CAMPBELL

Dramatis Personæ.

MAXTON.

MARCIA.

HER MOTHER.

THE GREAT MUSICIAN.

Scene—The terrace of Villa Saleraia.

Time—The August moon.

[*The terrace overlooks the fountained gardens of Saleraia. On the left are the wide piazzas of the villa, and on the right, across the rear corner of the stage, is a tall yew hedge, with a heavy gate in the centre. Showing over the top of the hedge is the marble roof of a terrace-arbor, while in the foreground, at the right of the gate in the hedge, are a rounded stone bench, a low stone table, and a broad pedestaled sundial. The only light is from the great moon, rising behind the poplars.*]

Enter MAXTON and MARCIA, crossing slowly from the edge of the terrace to the stone bench.

Marcia. So you came all the way from Berlin just for this—just to say the same old things about Rodney. And all the time you knew exactly how I felt about it.

Maxton. Only from your letters; and don't you see, Marcia, I couldn't believe that you fully understood how it happened when you wrote the way you did. I thought that if we could talk it over, if I could explain to you just what he did and why—and that it

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wasn't the way the newspapers said, you might change your mind and—well—do the right thing by him.

Marcia. You mean—forgive him? Oh, no, Max. I can't, he is a failure!

Maxton. But he is your brother, and can't you see, Marcia, he's young, and lots of things happen like that in the service, and he's all cut up about it—it can be paid back, you know, and he wants to do the right thing. All he needs now is the word from you—just impetus.

Marcia. See, you have acknowledged it; he is weak, weak as—starlight [she makes a motion towards the moon] and forgiveness only makes a weak man weaker.

Maxton (curiously). And a strong man?

Marcia. Oh, a strong man doesn't need it. If he makes a mistake he wants to stand alone against the wideness of the universe—it's part of the retribution, part of his discipline and strength; it is his armor and his sword in one. You think I don't understand Rodney, that I am hard and unsympathetic? But Max, it is you who misunderstand. Yes, yes, I know what inseparable friends you and he have been ever since the bob-sled days, but you have always judged him by standards that were far too high. You were mistaken when you thought he could succeed in the diplomatic service—just because you had. It wasn't the place for a man like Rodney.

Maxton. But, Marcia, this one thing isn't big enough to prove that absolutely. He may succeed yet. He has the courage to pull himself up out of the hole, and he'd do it, too, if only he didn't get to thinking of

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how you'd feel about it, for he gets morbid then and—slips back.

Marcia (in a far-away voice). You mean that I push him back,—that I stand at the top and push him back?

Maxton. No, oh, no; you just don't give him a pull over the edge, which would be a very small thing to do.

Marcia. Small? Oh, but I can't believe your scales any more. You manage to make everything seem small [slowly], even this thing that Rodney has done,—this dishonorable thing that drags down the name that for centuries long has never touched dishonor [she sits down on the broad base of the sundial], the name that Rodney ought to be making more glorious—

Maxton. There—that is what makes your lack of sympathy, yours more than any other, so unbearable. He understands it now, that of all the members of the family he has wronged you the most, because none of the others cherish that—the family honor—as intensely as you do.

Marcia. Yes, he has hurt a very precious possession of mine, the second most precious that I have, Max.

A Deep Voice (from the arbor on the other side of the hedge). No, it was many years ago, and the boy was very young. Perhaps you won't like the story, for it is sad—

Her Mother (appearing on the piazza, calls softly). Marcia! Marcia! [The girl shrinks back behind the sundial, and the shadow of the hedge hides the man.]

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Marcia (in a whisper). Sh-h, Max, don't move, I couldn't bear to go in now, with the world so topsy-turvy—

Her Mother (to some one inside the room). Maxton said they would be on the upper terrace, right here. They ought to come in now, for the music will begin soon, as soon as Signor returns from the garden. Maxton! No, they are not there. [She reënters the house.]

The Voice (which has not stopped at all). Sad because it happened to a boy who lived alone in a land of visions, of drifting rainbows—

Marcia (softly). Oh, it is the Great Musician! I have not seen him yet, but I heard his voice when he came this afternoon. [They listen quite shamelessly, as if his words were his music.]

The Voice. Of starlit caverns, and meadows white with clouds of daisies, and for a long time no one knocked at the gate at the end of his lane of enchantment. But the boy was happy, because everything had its song for him, the leaves and the bees and the streams and the daisies—and the one passion of his soul was sound, and the dearest possession of his life—his harp. At last one morning some one came to the gate and knocked. It was a man, the boy's brother, and the reason he had never been there before was that he had never needed the boy until then. Now, he took the boy's harp and closed the gate and went away into the world to turn the harp into gold to satisfy his selfish cravings. Then the loneliness of ages fell upon the boy, because the unsung music in his soul—unsung because his harp was gone—grew to be too great a

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burden to bear, and even the song of the lark and the fountain made him sad, because he could not answer. So one day the boy went down the long lane, unlatched the gate, and started out into the highway to seek his brother. He thought that when he found him the harp would be his own once more, and the universe would sing again, but he didn't know life, you see—that is why it all happened. Yes, he found the man, but the harp was gone, and his brother put him in a cold, dark life where the sound was only a deadened moan. When the boy had a chance he ran away from it all, and started down the world to find his harp. Mile after mile he traveled, until one day he found it in the hut of a miserable old man who had stores of other people's treasures, each one labeled with the shadow of a heartbreak. Then the boy sat down on the doorstep of the hovel and would not leave until he should have his harp again, and finally the old man said he might have it for the service of a year and a day. So the boy drew water and cut fagots for the old man for a year and a day, and at the end of that time he went down the path into the singing world again, for his harp was under his arm. As he walked he loved everything, even the drifting withered leaves, and the old stone wall around the meadows, and the brother who had tried to crush out the music of his life. He was going back to the land of visions, but first he wanted to see his brother to tell him about his good fortune. You see, he was very young and didn't understand things or he wouldn't have done that, for when he entered the home of his brother an unbelievable thing happened. Yes, standing right there on

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his own hearth, the brother snatched the harp, and dashed it against the chimney-piece so that it broke into a thousand pieces—so small that the largest piece was lost in the smallest crack between the hearth-stones. [There is a long pause. A nightingale begins to sing, below in the garden.]

The Voice (a little farther away). You really want to have the rest of the story? He isn't the same boy any longer—no longer a dweller in the Land of Visions, but a being consumed by a mighty hatred, which all of a sudden makes itself the center of his life [the voice grows gradually fainter], and pushes him off into the torrent of humanity—the boy who before had known only the shadow of the world. [The sound of the voice is lost; so is the sound of footsteps descending the terrace steps.]

Marcia (after a long silence). Why did he go? It is too wonderful a story to have no— [She stops abruptly, for from the lower garden come the notes of the violin, faint but clear as the nightingale's—sometimes like the rustle of moonbeams, sometimes like icicles on a fragrant pine branch, and again like a storm-cloud over the sun.]

Marcia (wonderingly). It is the end of the story!

Maxton. Yes, it is the end of the story.

Marcia. Do you hear? The boy is strong now and famous, and the brother, oh, he has changed—his remorse is unquenchable, and he does his very best in the world. But they never see each other, the boy does not forgive—no, oh, no, Max, he can't, for if he did the balance could not be kept. Remorse is the only thing that makes the brother live rightly—if he were

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forgiven his sole impetus would be gone. The boy has much of his old nature—love—left, and he wants to help the man, and he is wise enough to see that this unrelenting silence is the only thing, and he is strong enough to maintain it even—

Maxton. No, Marcia, it isn't strength, you are wrong—it is absolute selfishness, and that is weakness incarnate, not to be able to get beyond oneself. Listen again, Marcia. Yes, the boy is strong now, I acknowledge, but there is no unrelenting silence; the two are working together, and the elder brother cannot work hard enough to be worthy of the bigness of the younger, who is strong because he is crushing out his hatred, and has set up a common goal for them to strive for—conquest of self. Don't you understand?

Marcia. No, I don't understand.

Maxton. Do you want to know why? [The music stops.] It is because your whole life has been a series of beautiful pictures, with backgrounds—like this, and filled with people that the whole world strives to know—you do not understand—you have seen only the shadow of the world.

Marcia. Only the shadow of the world! Oh, Max, do you think that of me? [Her voice changes.] Then, I'm glad you came, glad that I know, glad that Rodney plunged us into all this unhappiness—before, before September, because now I know what you really mean to me and what I mean to you. Yes, you will always be to me just Rodney's friend, and to you I will be merely his unrelenting, unsympathetic—

Maxton (very quietly). No, Marcia, this is not going to make the least difference in the world. I, too,

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am glad I came, but sorry that I spoke of Rodney—we never shall again, never—

Marcia. But that wouldn't help at all, for I know how you feel about it, and you know how I feel, so there would always be that great gray cloud—oh, Max, I want you to go away, ever so far, now—now, for I don't want to see you for a long, long, long time— [She sinks down on the stone bench, with her head buried in her arms on the table.]

Maxton (with a quiet smile). You don't want to see me again for a long time? [He puts out his hand to touch her hair, but suddenly drops it, and walks over to the edge of the terrace. Footsteps are heard ascending the terrace steps. *Marcia* hears nothing.]

The Voice (from the other side of the hedge). If you had rather not go in yet, I will come for you here after this number. Yes, it is to be the concerto. [The gate opens and the Great Musician enters, his violin under his arm. He starts to walk across to the villa, but catches sight of the girl and stops.]

Marcia (without looking up, mistakes him for *Maxton*). And you want me to forgive him even though every fibre of my being cries out against it, even though I do not consider him worthy of forgiveness, believing that it will do more harm than good—

The Great Musician (gently, after a long pause). Forgiveness is a very small thing to give, and it never harms—

Marcia (springing to her feet). Oh—I did not know—I am so sorry—

The Great Musician (quickly). It is I who should be sorry. I should not have spoken, but I wanted to

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help—there was the sadness of centuries in your voice.

Marcia. You can help, oh, you can help so much—tell me, did the boy of the Land of Visions forgive the brother, who tried to crush the music out of his life? You see, we listened—Max and I—and Max says it was the right and the great thing for him to do—to forgive.

The Great Musician. I wish I might tell you that he did forgive—but he did not.

Marcia (with a quick breath). Oh—I knew, I knew—

The Great Musician. Wait, wait, my child, you do not understand. He did not forgive, and that is the real sadness of the story. You see, he was not man enough; he did not know the meaning, the glow of humanity—he was only a dreamer after all, and when he had the chance to become a man he let it slip.

Marcia (softly). And the brother?

The Great Musician. That was it. The boy was famous and rich, and he stood aloof on the hill and watched the brother descend, descend into the Valley of Lost Hopes—and three times the brother turned back and called to the boy for help—

Marcia. Could he have helped?

The Great Musician. He was the only one who could! [Maxton has gradually moved nearer to the two, and now stands just behind Marcia.] Oh, my child, do not believe that any one is unworthy of forgiveness, or that it will do any harm—it is the only thing.

Marcia (slowly). It is the only thing. [The Great

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Musician moves silently towards the villa, and the girl stands with her face in the shadow.]

Maxton (quietly). Did the end of the story help, Marcia?

Marcia (turning so that the moonlight shows the radiance in her face). Yes, oh, yes; it has made a beautiful new one begin for me!

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE STATE

By SIDNEY N. HILLYARD

THE university shall qualify students for personal success and direct usefulness in life."

This desire on the part of the founders of Stanford University may be said to constitute the principal object of this and almost every other educational institution. Notwithstanding occasional and regretted failures in the individual careers of many college graduates, the most pessimistic observer must admit that the American educational institutions are doing their utmost to bring about the personal success of their men and their women. And this is well. For if there is one disease more than another against which a youth should be rigorously vaccinated, it is failure, and of failures, the early failure to do good work is the worst failure of all. The man to whom his university has given the power to work successfully is the man who brings satisfaction to himself both in that work and outside of it, and he is the man who may most safely be relied upon to succeed in all his later life. His family and friends are the better and the happier that this man has achieved in part something which he set out to achieve; his state and his country are stronger, richer, and wiser in possessing him as a citizen.

That which the church, even with all its uncounted shortcomings, with all its bigotry, was to the medievalism of the thirteenth century, the university is to the modernism of today. The boy

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looks toward it, the man back to it, while between them, the student within its chastening halls, lives, during his short four years, a life in miniature. To the universities flows the living stream of the country's growing intellect, and from them the stream returns to the country, intellect yet, but electrified with purpose and with force. Hardly a day but some instant question turns the face of the people expectant to the colleges, and, wise or foolish, true or false, the college is there with as instant an answer on the tip of its tongue. Campus or cathedral, a crypt or an assembly hall—the world will have a shrine for its enquiries; if this be so then the vital nature of the relationship between university and state cannot be over-emphasized, and to bring these two into a new and never-failing understanding of each other will constitute the most beneficial thing which can happen to either.

The most important official position in America today is the presidency of Harvard University. A list of the six men most thoroughly representative of all that is best in the life of the American people at this time would be an enumeration of the presidents of our six principal colleges. We have had no one in the White House whose life is worth an hour's remembrance, from Lincoln to Roosevelt, and both of these came there by accident. But the chairs of our great institutions of learning are filled by men who have done something to which America is not ashamed that Europe and the world shall point.

In wealth, in prestige, in influence, in her physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual force, the university

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is the church of the twentieth century; her students succeed and are useful, and where they are not is no civilization; but wherever the foot of progress lays its ineradicable stamp there is the college man with the transit and the microscope, with book and pen, quietly giving his generation to perceive that the money which it has sunk in the classroom is returning with interest from the forest and the plain.

In all this the universities of America are successful—let who will cry that the street gamin who never had an hour's schooling in his life makes finally the strongest man. For, as we have said, the world is very rapidly coming to be organized and operated at the direction of its college men, and few are the names springing into the national horizon today which are unconnected with some place of learning, whether it be classic Harvard, or the little Baptist seminary with a faculty of seven and an enrollment of eighty-six provincial but hopeful souls.

But the foundations of Stanford and of many other universities have, written into their charters and into their responsibilities, another and widely important side. In distinct addition to the cultivation of the art of success in the individual, we find that very many of our colleges were organized with the intent that they should "assist in the advancement of useful knowledge, in the dissemination and practical application of the same."

This is being done by Stanford every day. In her laboratories her men of research are laboring long hours for the advancement of science, quite irrespective of and without reference to personal reward,

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or to the immediate gratification of any one or of any institution. They are "applying and disseminating useful knowledge," which will bear its fruit in unknown and hidden ways, in distant corners of the East and West, today, and in many years to come.

But while Stanford and the American university are succeeding truly in bringing about individual achievement, and while they are equally successful in the discovery and dissemination of scientific knowledge, can the same success be attributed to them in their efforts toward the dissemination of a knowledge of the arts?

As regards the present time the answer to this question will have to be given in the negative, for no college is attempting to spread its knowledge of the arts abroad by all the means open to it.

Let us consider what these arts are, and how their dissemination abroad might be achieved with greater catholicity and universality than is now anywhere the case. We will take the drama, instrumental and vocal music, literature, government, and craftsmanship; meanwhile realizing that these subjects do not by any means exhaust the category of the creative arts.

The modern stage has become the private possession of a few gentlemen of great business parts, whose genius, as that of Mr. Frohman or Mr. Belasco, consists in knowing what plays will, and what plays will not, pay. They do not pretend, neither does anyone pretend for them, that their business is a "dissemination of a knowledge and an understanding of the arts." As the speculator in

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wheat futures on a margin knows nothing of plowing, so the proprietors of the modern theatre know and care nothing about art. And there is no one left to care. No one? Yes, there is some one; there is the university. The university was instituted to care about these things. She truly teaches the greatness of the drama in her classrooms, but once her students escape out into the world, away from the sound of her voice, they hear no more of any idealism connected with the theatres to which they go, but only of successful sex-problem plays. Thus much of the work of our educators is frittered away in the great unthinking world.

Every university produces upon its own stage, at one time or another, dramas written out of a knowledge of humanity and for the sake of art. Sometimes the acting is done well and truthfully in these, but unfortunately it is only done once—the curtain falls and the cast disbands. But why should this be so? The dramatic art is an integral part of the life of the people, as much as is the reconstruction of the skeleton of a pterodactyl; and the college theatre should, and very easily could, make itself a center to which would come very much more than the college audience—"The world would make a pathway to its door." The professional companies produce no plays for the sake of art; then let well-trained university actors do so, not only for the sake of art, but for that of the people of the state, of their college and of themselves. Organized by the university, the university theatre would be a financial success, for the participants would not

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have to be paid in anything else than university credit, and the expenses would never be so great as are those of companies touring the whole country. The plan, however, would have to be inaugurated not for money but for the purpose of the "dissemination of a knowledge of the dramatic art."

In comparing the musical standards of our universities with those of certain much more obscure and humble places, it might be remembered that in some of the little villages of the old world there are to be found prize brass bands which would hardly discredit a Wagnerian festival, and prize vocal unions which do bring credit to the greatest choral festivals of Europe. Weavers, spinners, and coal-heavers, exploiting the marvelous wealth of unaccompanied part-song compositions which lies free and ready to hand, are producing what some critics say is the very greatest music which up to now has been possible of attainment anywhere; and it is done, not for money, but for the actual joy and pleasure which comes from the "dissemination of a knowledge of great art." These brass bands and these vocal societies perform at home, and they go abroad also, while in the majority of our colleges and centers of learning we do neither. Our music is at the lowest ebb conceivable amongst an educated people, but the lowness of its ebb is of small significance compared with the fact that the average college graduate does not care whether or not he understands anything at all about high-class music and high-class art. And as the graduate, so the citizen. The tour of a small glee club has little to do with

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music, but, contrasted with this, a union of a thousand voices in choral part-singing from the universities of California and of Stanford, in San Francisco or at the universities themselves, every year, would do more toward disseminating a real knowledge of the art of music than twenty-five years of lecturing upon the subject will ever do,—and we are generally very short of even lectures upon the theory and the understanding of music. The university orchestras of America should stand on a par with the regimental bands in her army; they should be a pride to the college and a much-sought boon to the state, and they could do an incalculable service in the dissemination of a knowledge of the great art of music.

No one of whom we have any knowledge pretends that the daily press of our cities represents the best view and feeling of our people. Would it not be possible then for the universities of the country to publish daily or even weekly sheets which should do so, and which should be free from every taint of the low ideals and the corruption of the national press? Have the colleges not enough instructors, students and money to embark upon such a project? And in answering this question it must be remembered that a great deal of the work could be done by the students for university credit at no cost whatever to the paper. Neither would the initial monetary risk need to be as large as might be supposed, if it were found that the classes of people who favor pure government, and university alumni and their friends, supported the publication.

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We feel convinced that institutions situated like Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, or the University of California at least could do this thing, and in doing it, and in doing it successfully, they would bring great strength to themselves, their instructors, and their students, and much dissemination of good literature to the outside world. The university press, operated by a department of journalism, would be the most powerful possible means for the instruction of students, yes, and of the faculty of the department too. It would be the laboratory of the English department, and men working in it would feel themselves to be in the world, and to be serving the state as much as any salaried journalist in the country. Such a press could give news without taint, editorials without gutter politics, advertisements without filth, and ideas without fear of bosses, corporations, or walking delegates.

No university would care to mix its name up in such politics as we see around us every day, even if it were allowed to do so. Politics has an evil name. But politics has not necessarily anything to do with the art of government. Most politicians know nothing whatever of that art, and care about it only as it serves their interests; and the best governments are those which are the freest from the scourge of politicians. The question then is, are our universities fulfilling their duty to the state in ignoring the manner of the making of laws, and in doing nothing whatever to disseminate a practical knowledge of the art of government?

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The present mayor of Palo Alto is a Stanford professor, yet probably very few in the university know or care what his political affiliations are, or even if he has any at all. Why then, should not Stanford run such a man for mayor of San Francisco, and some member of our Economics department for governor of the state?

"Oh," says the college, "they would never be elected."

That question has nothing to do with it. The universities complain loudly of the corruption in our cities, and many of our faculty are wearing the "League of Justice" button, but yet we do nothing whatever to absolve ourselves from our share of the responsibility. Now if every university ran a strictly non-political, non-partisan, good-government man for mayor of the city or governor of the state, then at least the world would no longer be able to do as it does now,—point the finger of scorn at us as at those who can not, or dare not, or at all events do not, do anything towards purifying our national life. On the contrary, the universities would then be able to point back the finger, saying, "We put up our man for the purpose of disseminating a knowledge of the art of government, and you have voted him down; what else can we do? You prefer tenderloin toughs and Bowery thugs to professors of economics; then take them. We shall put our man up every year, and when you are ready for clean government let us know by electing him, and we will see that he does his duty."

Here then is where, with a little courage, the

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universities might step into a path which would lead toward the adequate discharge of their duty to the state. They already teach the art of government in the classroom, let them practice it in the city hall; for only by doing so can they be said to be advancing toward a practical dissemination of a knowledge of the much needed art of government in our national life.

The sixth and last art which we will consider is perhaps the most difficult of all to disseminate among the outside world, first perhaps because the colleges themselves are by no means convinced of its value, and secondly because the world is not convinced of it either. But in the opinion of some of the most advanced educators of today, craftsmanship is the one study which should be placed upon the national curriculum as compulsory. It would take a whole and a long article to go into the reason for this, so let us, granting the utility of craftsmanship, consider an idea for the propagation of it throughout the state.

In every city we find scores, nay hundreds of street-boys to whom no good that anyone knows of is coming, but from whom much evil proceeds. Could not universities like Stanford and California utilize their professors of education to build up a colony of these boys somewhat after the fashion of the George Junior Republics, and teach them the drama, music, singing, writing, and government, and make them into craftsmen at the same time, the work of course being done by the students in the various departments?

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This idea is not as foolish and visionary as it sounds, as an enquiry into the results of experiments along similar lines will quickly convince anyone who will trouble to make it. On the contrary, it is more easily and distinctly practicable than any of the foregoing suggestions. Intensive agriculture upon some of the vast areas of cultivable land owned by universities would provide food for such colonies; houses they could build themselves, and furniture they could both make, use, and sell, together with a hundred other things, the construction of which constitutes a high art, and an art very much needed in the daily lives of all our people.

With such a colony upon the campus the Stanford student could both learn and teach, and learn to teach at the same time. What is more, and what is of higher moral value, he would learn the responsibility of disseminating his knowledge of the arts among those less advantageously placed than himself, and his attention would not therefore be entirely absorbed by the preparation for the achievement of his own personal success.

To instruct a colony of a hundred boys in the work of agriculture, horticulture, masonry, wood-carving, bronze-casting, book-binding, drawing, cabinet-making, architecture, and other crafts, would be to lay a foundation for a higher conception of art wherever these boys ultimately settled down, and scores of them would not settle down, nor drift away from the precincts of the university, until they too had procured the education, the priceless

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value of which they could so readily see all around them.

It is probable that that the state of the future will have no ugly or inartistic thing in it. Then let us train minds to conceive and hands to construct beautiful things, so that, when the product of the artist and the craftsman is called for with an insistent voice, men will be on hand to deliver. For it takes many years to train a good craftsman, and therein lies the reason for beginning our work in the dissemination of a knowledge of that art among boys.

The universities have a responsibility to the state. Are they wholly discharging it? Are they wholly discharging it toward those thousands in every state, who, while they support the universities, derive no direct benefit therefrom whatever? It is to these that every college which has already succeeded in bringing about the personal success of its students owes now the wide and persistent dissemination of the knowledge of the arts.

HYLAS AND HERACLES

By FRANK ERNEST HILL

This is the story men were wont to tell
Of Heracles, and Hylas, whom he loved;
Of how these came from Argolis to join
The searchers for the fabled golden fleece
At fair Iolchus, where old Æson's son
Made ready for his cruise. Of how they sailed
Off on the Argo toward the unknown sea,
And of what fell beside the Hellespont,
Ere that the ship had cleared the Mysian coast
And clove the eastern waves.

Not for the lips
That sing of love as of a revelry
Was passion truly born, nor yet for them
That worship as a strange and sacred flame
The chaste desire—these have not touched the string
Whereto the blind god sings; they have not found
The fulness of that heavenly malady
For which Zeus hoped when from the vapory foam
He wrought the shape of love. Yet Heracles
Knew such a perfect longing for the lad
Hylas, the golden haired. Not the warm day
Lazy in summery beauty, nor the night
Starred like a flower-decked bride with ebon hair,
Parted him from the stripling; nor the dawn,
Laughing beneath the radiance of her locks
In the gray east. For him he loved more dear
Than memory of his mother, or the dream

HYLAS AND HERACLES

Of Zeus, who gave him life; for he had taught
The slender youth the art of fields and war,
And how the singer smites upon his harp,
And pauses on the first few painful notes,
Seeking betimes with supplicating breath
Olympian favor ere he sound his lay.

And Heracles, with Hylas, in the spring
Came to Iolchus, where the Argonauts
Were gathering, and joined the adventurers
Upon their perilous quest. When the low fields
Were mellow with the glory of the spring,
The heroes raised their sail, and towards the north,
And eastward then, all the long summer, ran
Toward Colchis and its mist-enshrouded sea.
But where the toneless, narrow necks of land
Closed the Propontus in the dubious east
The heroes stayed; for past that sandy gate
The dark and alien flood swept into mist,
And shadowy mountains rose beyond the haze
Like the thin shapes of death, and from the lips
Of those whose ventures on the unknown depths
Had led them through the teeth of threatening skies,
There came no hopeful words. Yet on the shore,
Just ere the southern coast curved to the straight,
The kinder colors of the happier West
Hung on the forest, and the beach was smooth
With terraced lengths of sand. And lingering here
They sought the sacrificial voice of Zeus
To guide them on their quest, drawing their bark
High on the sloping shore, while silently

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The twilight crept with vast and shadowy wings
Down through the opal vapors in the west.

Then, while the oarsmen on the leafy sward
Made their rough beds against the coming night,
Hylas went inland with a brazen vase
To seek for water. From the sandy shore
On to the wood, lay fading meadow-grass,
Long, waving, like the restless ocean weed
Tossed on the surface of the shifting sea.
But 'neath the trees the leaf-mould long had lain,
And withered flowers, the dead of many years
In dry, pale heaps, and here the burdened grass
Strewn o'er with fallen bloom and foliage,
Faltered in shadows, and in fading hues
Crept hesitating through the heavy earth.
The glades were ruddying in the final sun
Of the retreating summer. In their depths,
Mossy, and brown, and gray with lichen'd trunks,
There was such silence as though all the earth
Listened eternally; ocean, air, and ground
Sent their deep pulse-beats—even the lightest fall
Of the descending leaves was audible,
And the low drone of each departing sea.

Soon through the snaky trunks was Hylas ware
Of a green grotto in the circling glade,
Found by the damp bed of a stream, lost low
In flags and feathery parsley. There a spring
Came from protecting roots, deep, wondrous clear,
And blue as evening skies. Around its edge
Grew swallow-wort and deer-grass, and the bulbs

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Of long since blossomed lilies. Here the lad
Stooped with his pitcher, letting the dark flood
Ooze in through the round mouth with silent eddies,
And gazing on his fair face in the glass
Of the still water. But, alas! the beauty
On which he looked lay deeper than the calm
Of the cool fountain's brim; far down below
The dreaded water-goddesses that live
In sculptured haunts of stone saw his pale face,—
Eunice and Malis with their shimmering locks,
And sweet Nycheia of the April eyes.
Up from their phantom dwelling came the nymphs,
Swift as the radiant light of darting dawn,
And wove their clinging arms about the form
Of the unhappy boy, for lo! his hair
And shining limbs had made them mad for him;
And down he sank into the purpling flood
As suddenly behind the twilight hills
The sun dips into beds of clouds; down, down,
Where in the half-light of the changing pool
The waterfolk weave their elusive dance;
And there, with many a fond caress and song,
The goddesses long sought to charm away
The lingering pain of human memories.

Long after the strong flush of day had paled
Beyond the western ocean, Heracles
Waited beside the vessel the return
Of fair-haired Hylas. Then he took his spear,
And strung his horned bow, and strapped his sword
Close to his leathern side, and through the wood
Went shouting, "Hylas!" Him the imprisoned boy,

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Deep in the gray enchantment of the spring,
Heard as a lost child some familiar voice,
And answered; but the muffling waters held
His accents, so that ever to the ear
Of Heracles they seemed far off and thin,
As though across long mountains. Tremblingly
He shouted, and the startled fastnesses
Shrieked at his brazen tones, while through the trees
Blindly he sped, breaking the futile thorns
That barred his path; now pausing in his flight
Once more to call, and, maddened that the sound
Seemed now in farther regions, plunging on,
Wild with his agony. The twining trunks
Of knotted oaks he grasped and tore aside
Like rushes from his path, and where the leaves
Of interlacing vines wove their close net
He paused not, but rushed onward through the dark,
Unhindered. But although the fibery hands
Of earth might hold him not, yet never there
Found he the boy, nor ever seemed the voice
Of the lost lad more near, but always faint
And luring, like an echo. Then he cursed,
And cast his bow aside, and his swift spear,
And went bare handed through the blinding glades,
Now crying of great deeds that he had done,
And now beseeching piteously the gods
To aid his quest. And so he fled, while Love
Drove him still onward.

Now upon the shore
The smoke of sacrifice had died away,
The midnight crescent rose through restless clouds,

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And the inspiring stars hung o'er the ship,
Urging departure, for the wind blew east
And the great sea behind the straits was calm.
Three times the heroes lifted up their sail
With rising winds, and thrice they lowered it,
Waiting for Heracles. Yet when the breeze
Strengthened again, and early morn grew faint,
Like a vague prophecy far in the night,
They took the rushing tide, and smote the waves
With pliant oars, and through the gloomy gate
Sped sorrowfully, with many a sounding cry
To which no answer came. So, at the dawn,
They sailed upon the unfamiliar sea.

On the gray beach at breaking of the sun
Sat Heracles. His hands held the two parts
Of his snapped sword, with which he played betimes
With clenched and swollen fingers. Overhead
The croaking seabirds wheeled, and he would fling
His trembling arms toward these, and curse at them
And laugh, and curse the gods more loudly still.
Here the rude swains that turn the inland soil
With their bright ploughshares, found him as they
came

Down to the sea for salmon. And these bare
The vase of bronze that Hylas took with him
In which to carry water; and they told
Of how the nymphs sport in the secret spring
Where they had found it, and how many men,
Coming from far-off lands, who had not bought
Their safety at the shrine of Artemis,
Who kept the aged forest, had been lost,

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Stolen by the amorous goddesses, who move
With flashing limbs that seem but sunny gleams
In the still waters. Then the hero rose,
And gazed on them with dim and hollow eyes;
And in his countenance was such a hue
As shadows suddenly the fitful sky
When, in the north, the wrath of harbored storms
Shakes forth in thunder. And he spake to them
In accents dissonant and very strange,
Tired and sad, as echo through the mists
The inconsistent voices of the wind.
"Fishers, ye know not all the bitterness
That stays with life, no—though the telling frost
Of age is on your tresses, and no more
Ye watch the young lambs by the laurel's shade,
And pipe to hoofed Pan. For unto you
The misery and madness of great love
Hath never come. *This* Cypris stored for me
With cruel, discriminate hands—for *this* I loved
This lost lad, who was fairer than the gods,
And whom the envious keepers of the spring
Have stolen from me forever. The power of men
Is fleeting as the hue of waning dawn,
And we are like these lumps of listless sand
That shape to every pressure of our fingers.
Our beauty and our strength are of such dust,
Only our passion lasts! For it is strong,
And wantons with the subjugated flesh,
Saying, "Youth, beauty, pride, and strength of limb,
These are the flowers that I have plucked to toy,
And these I shall fling from me, one by one,

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When they grow withered, and are young no more."
This is the power of all-compelling love,
And this I know, for all that echoing night
As in a horrid dream I ranged the wood,
Nor thorns, nor limbs of trees, nor the steep hills
Might hinder me, for all things of this earth
I break with these my hands. Only the strength
Of mad desire, relentless, mocked at me,
Only the uncompassionate god of Love
Laughed as I tore the thickets like a beast
Maddened with wounds. Ah, what are these, our
limbs,
That move for love, yet cannot dream to clasp
Their unsubstantial hope, nor leave their quest,
Though it lead on to death?"

And they, being wise,
Though simple, answered that perchance some day
Zeus would have pity on him, and restore
The vanished boy. "Ah, I have called to Zeus,
And he has scorned me. And the love I bear
This sweet, lost lad will never fade from me,
For it is strong, even as the gods themselves,
And all as pitiless." And then he asked,
Watching with hopeless eyes the changing foam,
"Which is the way to Colchis?" And they said,
"It is too long, but lies across the strait,
So men have said, off where the sun is born."
And hearing this, he took from the rude swains
A boat, and rowed across the narrow gulf
Unto the northern shore, and went from thence
By land to Colchis; and they say that there

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He joined with Jason, and bare back the fleece
To proud Iolchus. But the life of him
He left behind, beside the Hellespont.

THE DARK

By FRANK WALTER WEYMOUTH

Feed the dead leaves with care; the greedy flame
Devours them all too quickly—slower still:
The night is long, and late will dawn the day;
The day is short, but oh, how long the night!
A weary time while the close-pressing dark
Crushes us down. More care, that leaf was damp!
If the light fails, what hope is there for us?

'Tis well we are together—one more leaf—
One night you were not here—the long, warm days
Of many a summer have not dimmed the fear
I learned in that eternity of dark.
While there was light I walked with little fear—
While there was light—but night has fallen now.
Were I to take three paces from this flame,
In silence would black terror strike me down,
In silence and in darkness.—What was that?
Will the flame fail us? As you love your life,
Let not your hand shake when you feed the flame!

Well, it has passed—so weak is one alone;
But now we two—why, we can laugh at them—
And perish? Well, what of it? we have laughed.
Here in the dark we'll live the hunt again,
Your stroke and mine, and I will praise your skill;
Now we are strong—and do not fear the night.
A lie? Yes, and a bold one, let it pass.
Aye, we are two—are not the gods less strong?

ENGLISH CLUB YEAR BOOK

Come, let us mock the gods and die—our scorn
Shall turn their secret dwelling-places, hid
In utter darkness, to such hateful things
That they shall loathe them, and our mocking laugh,
Ever reëchoing from the barren walls,
Shall drive them mad, and they may not escape.
Or if they dare not strike, we'll taunt the more;
Why should we bow to that which has not strength?
The shadow of my hand upon that rock,
Misshapen, huge, a menace—but a shadow—
So are the gods.

A leaf upon the flame!
Draw nearer, let us shield it—closer still—
And our leaves, too—will they last out the night?

CAPTIVE

By ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS

I won thee as my sword's own meed;
No puny vows I sware;
I flung thee, swooned, across my steed;
Three strokes; a lunge; the reins flung free . . .
Then night, and thou, my destiny!
Between thy sobs I heard thee plead.

Look, thou art free. I loose thy hands,
The leathern thong unbind.
Seek, an thou wilt, thy kinsman's lands;—
The old ones wait,—and thou art free—
Thine arms? The hushed "I stay—with thee!"
Ah, Freya understands.

THE DEPARTURE

By ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS

It may not be a sterner thrill of pain
Than holds the swimmer, dropping to a stream,
Whence, as he leaps, some steely, sudden gleam
Sets tiny teeth of fear in every vein.
It may be, that the moon of life will wane
As slow as dims e'er dawn the crescent's beam,—
When death, in raiment as a radiant dream,
Shall lay its numbing finger on the brain.

For not to him that journeys is the sorrow.
'Tis ours, who mourn and wonder, knowing not
Whither he fled that late has taken flight;—
Nor if his doubt be solved, or all forgot;
Nor if he find, in that untold tomorrow,
Eternal knowledge or eternal night.

SONG

By ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS

Love that strays and roams forever,
 Changing ever, yet the same,
Though it ranges, resting never,
 Are ye sorry that it came?
Love that comes and roves forever,
 Constant never, still the same.

Love the winsome, laughing ever,
 (Smiles but move her, wiles but win)
Though our wits be in us never,
 Are ye sad that Love came in?
Love the winsome, sending ever
 Smiles to move her, wiles to win!

Love the lazy, languid ever,
 Happy never, ill content,
Ho, because it went forever
 Were ye weeping that it went?
Love that fled with youth forever;
 Fool, and are thou not content?

THE ALIEN

By ALICE WINDSOR KIMBALL

As you walked, by night, the path through the wood,
All alone, all alone,
Oh, what was the music you heard as you stood
By the wishing-stone?
From the dark, from the emptiness under the trees
Did you hear, did you hear
A sound high above the slow-singing breeze,
Sweet and clear, sweet and clear—
The voice of wee fiddles, the shrilling of pipes, the
patter of dancing feet so near
That you thought—did you not?—"Should I breathe,
should I stir, they will stop, they will know I am
here!"

Did you look, through the veil that the dim leaves
hung
All around, all around,
For the gay little people who danced and sung
On the ground, on the ground?
Seeing naught, did you know you were far away—
All alone—all alone—
From these folk, and had never a right to stay
By the wishing-stone?
Ah, theirs is the forest! Pale light of the moon is to
them as the glory of noonday sun!
—Did you go, soft and slow, though your heart bade
you stay, stay on till the revel was done?

THE LAND O' THE MOON

By ALICE ELEANOR SHINN.

When evening is hanging her lamp in the east,
Out on the edge of the world,
When gold-dusted poppies are drowsy and sweet,
And twilight's gray depths but star-pearled—
Then loosen thy soul like a scarf in the wind,
And waft like a dream through the air
To enter the portals called Land o' the Moon,—
Oh, it is wondrously fair!

You may wander the gardens of fanciful dreams
But the doors of the Temple are barred,
Lest thou offer for toll all thy sorrowing woe,
Willow-wood leaves, autumn-scarred.
For that is the solace for rose-leaves blown sear—
Beauty to make the heart swoon,
And Joy-in-the-World, the fragrance and balm
Of this bountiful Land o' the Moon.

SONG

By AURANIA ELLERBECK

Love, I would sing a note to you,
A tender, searching note to you,
And if my sorrow's music meets your ear,
 My patient throat,
 My tender note,
 Will draw you near.

Love, I would make a prayer to you,
A silent prayer of tears to you,
And if it finds an answer in your heart,
 My aching fears,
 My prayer of tears,
 Have done their part.

Love, I will give a life to you,
A somber, star-lit life to you,
And if it leaves a memory in your breast,
 My song, my fears,
 My prayer, my tears,
 Have made it blest.







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